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UNDER
THE
SOUTHERN SUN

BY

MARY B. HEYER

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TO

My Mother

WHEN FROM AFAR YOUR GENTLE EYES

SHALL REST UPON THESE PAGES

AND SEE THEREIN

MUCH THAT IS SACRED TO US BOTH,

I SHALL FEEL ASSURED OF THAT ENDURING SYMPATHY

THAT HAS

ENCOMPASSED AND BLESSED ME SO LONG.

M. B. H.

"POETRY reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back to us the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warms the springtime of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life."

PREFACE.

As I go forth to my publishers, I deem this apology necessary. These poems were not written for publication, but merely to chronicle an experience or observation, at different periods of my life, or as words of sympathy to hand to a friend in bereavement.

Most of them were produced at an early age and the reader will therefore readily discern them to be crude and imperfect.

As our first steps are faltering and uncertain, but strengthen with maturity, so are these I presume to hope.

By request these fragments have been gathered together to assume this definite form.

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UNDER THE SOUTHERN SUN.

INADEQUATE.

Could I but speak the whisperings of my
Soul, or silent reveal the thoughts that rise
Diffusing the sweetest music in my
Heart above life's dissonance. When mine eyes,
Beholding some new beauty rare, and I
Would tell the glory it reveals, there lies
No power within me thus to trace
It. I cannot attain to write the things
I know and feel. The melody that sings
Unto my soul I fain would pass to grace
Another's way. When my soul doth rise to
Heights empyreal and poise aloft, a
Yearning tender doth possess me then to
Lift another's soul. Barred is the way
I seek; no medium have I of speech;
My lips are holden, though a wild desire
To reproduce the heights sublime I reach.
My heart throbs audibly with holy fire
And yet my words are cold, they fail to teach
The song I hear amid the deathless choir.

ANEMONES.

When from Aegean's amethystine waves
The crystal spray leaped high in lucent air,
Fair Cytherea came forth from ocean caves
With pearls ashine mid her radiant hair.

The zephyrs bore her on their gentle wing
To find a home on Cyprus' spicy isle.
The rose and myrtle, seasons gladly bring
To crown their goddess, Love and Beauty's child.

One day she pierced her breast with Cupid's dart,
And deeper than she thought it thrust its way:
The fair Adonis came and touched her heart,
And from her pain shone Love's immortal ray.

How short the life earth gives her treasures
rare;
Fair Venus, thou must drink the bitter lees.
Speed thy white-winged coursers through the
air,
Adonis dies beneath the emerald trees.

Cytherea bowed in sorrow deep;
Anguished tears fell from her tender eyes
Upon the ground, and lo! as she did weep,
Anemones came forth in brilliant guise!

They diadem the splendor of the fields
And spread their glory 'neath the smiling
skies:
A tender grace their beauty still reveals;
Tears have their mission, born of sacrifice.

VIRGINIA.

Oh, my Virginia, lift thy proud head!
Beneath eternal smiles of sapphire skies.
How grandly do thy blue-veiled mountains rise.
And rivers flow, from crystal fountains fed.

Through sun-lit valleys and their fertile fields
The broad Potomac proudly rolls away;
From winding ways the James sweeps to the Bay
As golden glory on the morning steals.

The mighty ocean thunders on thy shore,
And echoes far through forest aisles of green.
Let thy fair hand of genius still extend,
Thy waterways send forth the world's rich store.

Keep thy firm step with progress arm in arm;
In the majestic march move grandly on;

Do naught to pale the glory thou hast won;
Speak! For thy voice is potent still to charm!

Within thy sacred bosom doth repose
The dust of thy illustrious dead
Oh, my Virginia, lift thy proud head!
For from thy past a stream of glory flows.

COMPENSATION.

I LOVE thee as the lilies love the sun,
And purely as the whiteness on their breast.
I love thee with the holy calm of rest.
I love thee as the light streams gently down
In radiance on the ascending plain.
And when I pass beyond the sapphire way
I'll love thee there, as I love thee to-day,
When chanting with the angels' sweet refrain.
And if thou walkest on thy way alone,
My spirit will seek thine and hover near,
To catch the faintest echo of thy tone,
And know if still thy heart doth hold me dear.
I am content, thy love shines all around,
And maketh heavy burdens light to bear.

DESTRUCTION.

Beside a path that I was wont to seek
And follow up its serpentining way,
A tall, dark cedar stood. 'Twas sweet to stray,
And find its friendly shade a-near to break
The journey's length. Within its branches high
Wild birds had sought a home. About its feet
Convolvulus in varied hue crept nigh.
Around its noble form the woodbine sweet
Had intertwined, and climbed aloft
To burn its coral beauty amid the
Darkling green. When lo, within an idle
Hour, a wanton hand hath with a few fell
Strokes laid low nature's masterpiece. O see!
Its crimson heart is cut in twain. How oft
I sought its shade so dear, and rested here,
For God's own hand had builded year by year.

THE LORELEI.

Oh Lorelei, there dost thou sit and sing!
While sea nymphs their gifts of rich coral
bring
From darkling caves of the sea far away,
Where mermaids hide and wild winds play,
And the soft winds above them are sighing.

The rosmarine gleams on thy golden hair
As the dew impearleth the lily fair;
Comb thy bright locks with thy jeweled comb
As the blue waves dash high above thy home,
And the sea winds around thee are sighing.

Oh, Lorelei, didst thou sing from thy heart
And sing alone for the sake of thy art,
I could not think thee so cruel and cold,
Luring to ruin on the treacherous shoals,
Where the soft winds around thee are sighing.

Thy enchanting songs so sweet and so low,
Rose over the Rhine in the sunset's glow.
Oh, where is the siren who sang so long?
The river flows on, I hear not her song—
Where the sea winds forever are sighing.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

How complete and encompassing is the
Goodness of God! When upon the great deep
His power and majesty enfold me.
As a mother hushes her child to sleep
On her bosom, even so do I feel
The tenderness of His presence around
Me. When darkness and silence of night steal
Over the earth, and no longer resound
The carols of the birds, the beasts of the
Field lie down to rest, the infinitude
Of His mercy encompasseth all. He
Doth not slumber or sleep. The vermeil wood,
Valley and field blossom in His sunshine.
Is is the dominion of man, it was
Created for him to subdue. Divine
Life was breathed into man alone. Pause,
O soul! and think of this Thou dost bear the
Image of the eternal Jehovah!
Though I have journeyed and wandered afar,
At last, when tempestuous hours are over

And I lie down by life's unresting sea
To everlasting peace and repose, ah!
Even then shall I be satisfied,
For I shall awake in His likeness!

A WALK IN VIRGINIA.

During these frequent walks with my dear father at my early home, Beech Grove, child though I was, he taught me many little quotations from the classics and made me familiar with their language. His cultivated mind was as pure as it was lofty. The tenderest memories cling around these associations, where every tree and flower is eloquent with the story of some goddess, and the south wind in the magnolia and myrtle a siren's song.

> Now morn, her rosy steps in the Eastern clime
> Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.
>
> —MILTON.

DIDST ever see crêpe myrtle 'neath blue skies,
Rich pomegranates scattered on the
Ground, and magnolias in their grandeur rise
Overladen with their sweet and snowy
Blooms? Know, then, 'tis time to stray 'mid
woodland
Glades, and watch the silent beauty of its
Leafy shades. Nature hath a gentle hand,
Which we may fail to understand. She sits
In glory in the forest solitudes
And beckons us to seek her darkling groves,

In whispers soft as music's interludes.
The vermeil fields, where the coo of wild doves,
Floating low, as sweet as cygnet's song, and
The starry daisies bend where white flocks
stand
Nipping pink buds of clover.

A winding stream had found its way beside
A grove of beeches, and never did young
Ganymede bear cups of brighter vintage.

Along this walk the fringed gentians grew,
Lifting smiling, dreamy eyes whenever
You pass by. There, too, were violets, blue
And snowy stoled, which you would never
Find unless you sought beneath the beeches;
The sweet arbutus trailing vine. Far up
The sloping bank, above the pebbly reaches,
Lobelia turned its scarlet cup
That nymphs might sip a nectar. Beyond the
Bend the yellow jessamine thickly twine
Their golden starry crowns. About each tree
Of myrtle, beech and pine, they brightly shine
In jeweled glow, and breathe their perfume on
The lucent air, which in the dewy morn
Lingers with a touch divine.

Oh, where could sirens find a fairer home
To breathe entrancing songs upon the air
And touch their golden harps in melting strains?

In pink profusion the wild rose grew and
Sweet brier interlaced the dogwood tree
And cypress tall, which in my forest stand.
The Virginia creeper, wild and free,
In brilliant crimson glory amid bright
Laurel's tresses, like fair Daphne hiding
Through intercepted streams of golden light.
Here maples spread their little carmine wing,
And Evening Primrose watch the ferns unfurl.
Amid great oaks the mistletoe doth bloom,
And hollies veiled in Southern moss of pearl,
As a bride adorned for her bridegroom.
As swift as Mercury's wingèd feet, upon
These woodland scenes the shadows quickly come,
And we, though loth to leave, turn toward home.

WHO CROWNETH THY LIFE WITH LOVING KINDNESS.

Upon the violet's breast
I see the tracing of His hand
Upon the tinted Autumn leaves,
Upon the mighty torrent grand—
I see and try to understand,
That God is good.

Upon the snow-clad peaks,
Towering high, I trace His pow'r;
I feel it on the restless deep,
When stinging winds sweep down, the hour
Grows dark, the night clouds lower,
Then God is good.

Upon the sunset's glow
His love I trace. I sometimes see
Bright forms as angels come and go,
Reflected from the sapphire sea,
Its silent glory breathes on me,
Thy God is good.

Enshrined in holy
Lives His divinity I trace,
They catch the reflex of His love,
Which glorifies with tender grace.
I see and read upon their face
That God is good.

In forest solitude,
Where warblers wing their homeward flight,
Listening glades repeat afar
Their gladsome music of delight.
I catch through strains of carols bright—
Thy God is good.

I see His majesty
Enthroned, when daylight calmly dies.
The stars afloat in seas of light,
Are footprints on the silent skies
Of seraphs from God's Paradise,
To tell us He is good.

A MEMORY.

I was quietly reading my book just now,
And as I was turning over a leaf
I came upon these forget-me-nots,
As a sailor sails on a hidden reef.

We sat in the cool, sweet garden shade,—
She was reading aloud this book to me.
But as she read these words she paused,
And I knew she was thinking of me.

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

She unpinned a flower from her breast,
A pale forget-me-not, and laid it there,
"Think of me when you see this again," she said,
While the sun's last beam played o'er her Titian hair.

A softening shade from the heavens fell,
Entrancing the beauty around us,

The white-stoled lilies' odorous breath
Crept out on the silence that bound us.

The Dresden clock on the mantel there, with
Its shining golden face ticks softly on,
Faithfully marking the fast fleeting hours,—
The sweet, lost hours, alas! we know are gone.

Did I fall asleep and did I dream she
Was standing here beside my chair?
In the mellow tinge of the firelight glow
Where strange shadows appear and disappear.

I wonder if ever our lost can come
Back and tenderly linger beside us?
I wonder if they know our solemn need
And lovingly minister unto us.

Or did the touch of this little flower
Turn back the noiseless tide of years and give
Me one moment the dear lost days,—the days
Which unto my heart are my soul's reprieve.

ONLY IN DREAMS.

To distant fields of ripening grain
I wandered back one day,
And walked in the old beech forest,
Where the shadows softly play.

Oh, sweet as music's tender strain came
The sound of wind through the wheat,
And the thrush's warbling note rang as clear,
Again by the river seat.

Pale wind-flowers bent on slender stems,
And dainty gentians grew
Along the winding primrose path,
Impearlèd with the dew.

Sweet brier climbed to the window seat,
Where my mother's gentle face
Bent over the work her soft white hands
Fashioned with comely grace.

Orioles built their nests aloft in
Trees at the foot of the lawn.

Oh sweet are the songs the wild birds sing
At the rosy flush of morn.

I hear the lowing of the kine
Over field and distant lea—
Oh, no, my heart, it is not so!
'Tis the moaning of the sea!

I listen again, 'tis the city's
Din and sound of restless feet,
As they anxiously hurry onward,
O'er the crowded, dusty street.

I never may see these scenes again;
It is only thus in dreams
That I wander back, a child once more,
And linger by the streams.

IN THE COUNTRY.

The daisies, vermeil-rimmed and white,
Hide in deep herbage ; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas.

—KEATS.

How beautiful is everything!
The soft blue skies above,
The emerald green beneath our feet.
All speak God's matchlessl love.

The rippling water's music falls, in
Distant, low cadences:
The soughing pines gleam tall beyond the
Rustic winding fences.

The primrose lifts its dewy face, in
Wonder at my coming.
The robin sings his merry songs, while
Bees are slowly humming.

The kine knee deep in buttercups, and
Fragrant fields of clover,

Hemmed in by orchards laden and
Grapevines bending over.

The nightingale's low song I hear in
Thrilling strains of sweetness—
What hand hath power to form this scene in
Nature's rich completeness!

BLIND.

By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss
And the next world's reward and repose by the struggles of this.
—Robert Browning.

As a ravening wolf
A flame leaps on
And strikes its fangs into my trembling breast.
With pallid face I shrink away forlorn
Beneath this cross of fire!

Sometimes it wanes so low
I dream it dead.
I smile triumphantly and hurry on
Forgetful of its sting, I do not dread
To bear its weight or size.

Then in my brightest hour
It falls again,
And I with wild despairing heart cry out,
"I am too weak to bear my spirit's pain,
This heavy cross of fire."

When, lo! I hear a voice,
"I gave thy cross
To thee, thy poor dim eyes mistake its size;
Its purpose thou art blind to see. Its loss
Would be a cruel cross.

"Look through its lambent light
And there discern,
The true, the false, about thy daily path.
Its lurid flame reflects the heart. Return
And seek again thy cross.

"Bear it with me, and thou
Shalt find it light.
My heedful angels ever wing their way
To watch and comfort thee." Then on my sight
There shone a strange new light.

It shed upon my cross
A halo bright.
I took it then, and hid it in my breast,
It was so small, there unguessed gleams white
The cross of pearl I bear.

OUR BELOVED.

Let us be kind to our belovèd,
  Before we walk alone.
Let us withhold the bitter word
  The cruel tone.

If they perchance should wound our hearts
  By some small digression,
We will be quick to overlook
  Indiscretion.

They are so kind to help us bear
  When we meet a sorrow;
They smoothe for us the pathway rough,
  Of to-morrow.

They are so strong to lean upon,
  And by their abnegation:
Their dear hands turn to us in tender
  Ministration.

They are so good when hours grow dark,
  They seek our load to lighten,

And sweetly point the way where the
Cloud will brighten.

It is a little way we go,
Side by side together,
To-day while still we may, we will cheer
One another.

We will be kind to our belovèd,
For ere to-morrow's sun,
God may stoop down and whisper low,
"Thy crown is won."

ERE YEARS HAD FLOWN.

Oh, let my heart find rest, the deep, deep rest
That I have known,
In the fragrant fields where cowslips bloomed,
Ere years had flown.

Flowering orchards, with their incense sweet,
Call me again,
And woo me back to seek their tranquil shades,
Forgetting pain.

Still bloom the lilies by the path I love:
Poor soulless things.
While, oh, so much that made my life most sweet
Hath taken wings.

Still over those radiant fields I hear
A lark's clear song;
Pouring its pulsing gladness on my ear—
Yet I go on.

I have wandered on afar to meet
Earth's carping care;
But, oh, my heart, it doth not steal from thee
Memories dear.

So we may go unto those fragrant ways,
And rest again.
Within their dewy borders whisper low
A sweet refrain.

NIAGARA FALLS.

'Twas on a perfect Sabbath morn
I stood upon Lake Erie's shore,
Watching the glistening waters,
As its thundering volumes pour.

The wide blue waters seethe and whirl,
Tossed ever in wild unrest;
They leap adown the chasm vast and
Sink into Niagara's breast.

Great rocks uplift their granite strength,
Thro' foaming columns which descend,
While rainbows, circling from each fall,
Their arc of perfect beauty lend.

Soft vapors rise and float above,
To mingle with their kindred skies;
In hues divine they gently glide,
Under the walls of Paradise.

An opalescent light unfolds,
In tints of wondrous splendor;

While symphonies of sound repeat,
In whisperings sweet and tender.

The balmy air is moist with spray,
And hoarse with the water's thunder,
Majestic torrents roll and plunge,
While I stand there lost in wonder!

Calm thoughts of rest; great thoughts of God!
Supreme, Eternal in His might,
Is graven in these hills and rocks,
And stamped upon this wondrous sight.

A BOX OF CURLS.

And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

I SIT and hold in my hands to-day
A box of golden curls;
They clustered once around a fair young face
As dew the lily impearls.
These beautiful golden curls
These ringlets of golden brightness.

Some lessons of life are hard to learn,
And bitter in their learning;
Some hopes die hard, we hold them so near
Our hearts in tender yearning.
Like these beautiful golden curls
These ringlets of golden brightness.

The sun lights up each golden thread, they
Shine with their old-time brightness,
As in the days of long ago when
They crowned a brow of whiteness.

These beautiful golden curls,
These ringlets of golden brightness.

Why do I sit and dream to-day and
Softly touch and caress them?
Why will the past come back from its grave
As I tenderly bless them?
These beautiful golden curls,
These ringlets of golden brightness.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

See in the bright December air,
Through my garden everywhere,
Beneath my window, in the sun,
They nod a welcome every one.
And when the cares that fill the day,
Doth one by one each flit away,
I seek the quiet and repose
That sheds its calm at daylight's close,
Again they through my window peep
And wish me blissful dreams and sleep.
They bear the chill and frosty night,
And smile again with morning light.
The north wind chants in solemn tone,
A requiem o'er blossoms gone.
The singing wind becomes a blast,
Yet not a leaf these blossoms cast.
They bend and sway, but stand again,
As if harsh things avoided them;
Then in their purity they rise,
And heavenward turn again their eyes.

The storm that rent their gentle breast
Leaves to them a jeweled crest.
These graceful, fluffy, snowy things
A sweet delight in winter brings.
The brown leaves flutter o'er the lawn,
The summer beauties all are gone,
Save here and there a crimson rose
In velvet richness softly glows.
Brilliant tints of summer flowers
Smiled and fled with balmy hours.
The year itself now wanes and dies,
And youth's bright hope as swiftly flies;
When, lo, these angels of the air
Lift their radiant faces fair,
And breathe to me a promise bright,
"At evening time it shall be light."

Dec. 17th, 1900.

THE HOLY CHILD.

The mother watched her child first poise, and
Stand alone, as any mother might. He
Trembling stood, then opened wide each hand
And stretching forth his infant arms in glee,
Smiled to her, that he alone could stand
Without guidance of her gentle hand. She
Gazing through the vista of coming years,
So full for her of nameless fear and loss,
She saw through eyes, as yet undimmed by
tears,
Her child thus standing there, outlined a cross.

VIRGINIA BEACH.

As I stroll on the golden sands to-day,
And watch the wonderful ocean,
The sails on its bosom, gliding away,
Thrill me with pleasant emotion.

Now the bright blue waves come rolling in
And break over the sunny beach,
With a bound and crash and roaring din,
As far as the eye can reach.

White seagulls dip in the foaming spray,
As snowflakes falling before me;
Then spreading their wings and skimming away
Over the rolling opal sea.

The gleaming sands, with the pretty shells,
Cast up by the waves of the sea.
The roar of the surf as distant bells,
Come floating like music to me.

Soft clouds bend low impearled in light,
  Lending their deep tranquillity
Drooping as a seraph's pinion bright—
  Oh wonderful, beautiful sea!

A LEGEND.

When Christ our Saviour hung upon the cross,
And bowed His head unto a death of shame;
Behold within that darkened hour,
The little fairies came.

In every land, in every clime,
They humbly bent their solemn little faces,
And quickly set to work with reverent hands
In the rocky places.

They deftly carved with sure intent, a
Tribute with their light and noiseless fingers;
And the work they did that day, in the
Mountain fastness lingers.

In the misty veil of the Blue Ridge calm,
A place where stones lie thick upon the ground,
Lo, every one you chance to see, a
Cross is graven thereon.

AN OLD VIRGINIA GARDEN.

Come walk with me beneath yon stately oaks,
And see the flowers I love—
My mother's flowers, in beds beside the
Path my willing feet oft rove.

The rose of Sharon droops its regal head
O'er beds of mignonette;
Scarlet poppies in their brilliant beauty
Burn above the violet.

Gay hollyhocks stand just under the wall,
In many varied hue,
While sweet narcissus holds her golden cup
To gather drops of dew.

Bright columbine nods in the summer breeze,
And the heart's-ease little face
Doth slily peep to catch sweet William's bow,
He makes with becoming grace.

The lily of the valley lowly bends
Its snowy, waxen bell,

And whispers secrets to the mountain pink
Which she must never tell.

The fragrant lilac waves it graceful plumes
Low bending o'er the rose.
The wall flower yields its subtle sweet,
Where the charming bluebell grows.

The tulip shyly folds her crimson skirt
Beneath the dahlia's gaze.
The jasmine lifts its starry eyes, where
Brown-eyed susan plays.

A gay young coxcomb smiles at iris fair
In graceful dress of blue;
Petunia beds and scarlet sage lie
Sparkling in the dew.

The sweet syringa in her bridal robes
Bows low to the grand snowball.
And hyacinths bloom in heavenly hues,
Where snowdrops lightly fall.

The rose of heaven unfolds her velvet
Robe, and periwinkles peep,
And, wondering, ask the cowslips why
The portulacas sleep.

The fair Adonis turns his melting eyes
To meet the daisies' glance,
The cypress on its trellis climbs to watch
Carnations lightly dance.

The London pride stands straight and stiff to see
Brilliant peonies shed
Their carmine beauty in the Springtime sun,
On sweet alyssum's head.

Verbenas rich as summer sunset skies
Spread 'round gaillardia's way.
Hydrangeas whisper to the morning bride,
And ragged robins play.

The star of Bethlehem in pity looks
Upon the bleeding heart.
The gleaming gold of the daffodils shine
Where buds of crimson part.

The tall pale lilies meekly bow their heads,
As cloistered nuns at prayer.
The perfume from their pure and spotless breasts
Steals softly on the air.

As angels fold their radiant wings,
So droop these flowers to rest—
But come, 'tis time to go, I hear the
Mocking singing to its nest.

THE OLD LANE.

In Virginia's fair sweet land,
  There winds a country lane.
On one side sweeps a limpid stream,
  Through fields of golden grain.

The hawthorn and the cherry trees
  O'erhang the shaded way,
While ferns unroll their tender fronds
  To greet the air of May.

Blue corn flowers, and sweet myrtle,
  With asphodels grow here;
The winds are murmuring softly,
  And mocking birds sing near.

Violets and primroses peep,
  Beneath the eglantine:
And, oh, the skies seem always blue
  In this soft summer clime.

. . . .

Ah, me! the path is overgrown,
  And those who loved to stray

Beneath its sweet and peaceful shade
Have wandered far away.

Some walk the tangled ways of life,
Some walk no more with me!
Their feet press now a distant shore,
In lands beyond the sea.

PEAKS OF OTTER.

The mighty peaks in grandeur stand
  Outlined upon the skies,
While fleecy clouds go floating by,
  And zephyrs softly rise.

A lark in the distant fields,
  Sings over its gleeful song.
The changing colors come and go,
  On the mountains all day long.

An artist sits in the foreground,
  Painting the beautiful scene.
A picture rare from nature fair,
  Recalling what has been.

IN AUTUMN DAYS.

Autumn days have breathed upon
  The highways and the hedges,
Leaving crimson here and carmine there,
  Far up the distant ledges.

The air unfolds a mellow light,
  Soft as twilight waters;
As if 'twere loath to leave so soon,
  For chilling winter quarters.

The trees unfurl their banners gay,
  The sunlight glints on the pines,
Then trembling on the crest of the wave,
  In golden glory shines.

The majestic sun-crowned hills
  In soft and purple haze,
Their summits rise 'neath sapphire skies,
  Oh, halcyon autumn days.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Carnations are sweet,
  But sweeter the friend
So mindful of me—
  A neighbor unseen.

I enjoy such gifts
  From the hand of my friend,
But then I remember
  I have nothing to send.

But somewhere I read
('Tis a comfort to me)
As ye did it to these
  Ye did it to me.

Baltimore, 1897.

TO MISS STEEL.

I THANK you, my friend,
For the words you express,
They speak my own thoughts
Of our darling Bess.
What comfort she brings
In her soft quiet hand;
How sweetly she soothes
As a woman can.
Then up and away,
As a lark to her nest,
Leaving her blessing
To hallow my rest.

Baltimore, July, 1897.

LILIES.

Oh, the fair, sweet flowers, they mean so much
to me.
Let them breathe of life and immortality to
thee.
In their fading beauty, they seem to me as
given,
To cheer our weary hearts, and point to rest
in heaven.

MY MOTHER.

Of all the good gifts sent down from heaven,
The sweetest and best to me has been given:
A dear Christian mother so full of love,—
Love that finds source in the Kingdom above;
Patient and gentle, guiding day by day
The little feet in the narrow way
Through childhood's days unto maturer years,
Through joy, through sorrow, through hope and through fears.
No hand so tender to soothe away pain;
No voice so sweet in the evening hymn;
No love in its purity deep as thine—
Thy love is unselfish, Christ-like, divine!
Oh, mother, the years are passing so fast
In a distant land my lot has been cast;
I miss thy sweet counsel, though it shines afar,
For thou art ever my guiding star.
Mother, if thou shouldst go home before me,
Linger a while by the sunlit sea;
Listen for the sound of my coming feet,
Wait for thy child by the golden gate.

But, mother, if God in His wisdom should see,
It were best I should go home before thee,
I'll watch for thee in that heavenly land,
I'll be the first to touch thy hand,
I'll be the first in the angelic throng
To welcome thee there from thy journey long.
While seraphs bend low o'er their harps of gold,
Heaven's new glory will softly unfold.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

May the coming year dawn bright and clear,
  Unfolding joys divine
To bless and cheer my friend most dear,
  Is a holy wish of mine.

May spirits true,—alas! how few,—
  Draw near thy "heart of gold,"
And still renew as Heavenly dew
  The flower of tender mold.

May purest love as stars above
  Their countless lights send down,
As steadfast prove, quick to remove
  The shadows falling round.

May naught arise to cloud the skies
  That bound life's little way;
Thy soul descries with sweet surprise
  The source of perfect day.

May the year, replete with blessings meet
  As ever a year may be,

A New Year's Wish.

Fall soft and sweet beneath thy feet,
  Is my wish, oh friend, for thee.

Though other years have brought thee tears,
  May this one bring delight,
And shine afar as a silver star
  In the coronal of night.

LA FRANCE ROSES.

To Mrs. George Hill, Alexandria, Va.

I THANK you, my friend, for the flowers given;
They come as a breath from the sweet fields of Heaven.
I look in their faces, and they speak to me,
Of my Southern home by the beautiful sea;
Then they speak of my darling with sunny hair,
With a voice so sweet and a face so fair.
Far, oh, so far away in that distant home!
Who begs each day for dear mama to come.
One day I shall leave this bed of pain,
And loved ones will welcome me back again,
But I will remember the friend who sent flowers
Breathing sweet thoughts to soothe weary hours.

MY CHILD.

I LOVE thy merry voice, my child,
And the sheen of thy golden hair;
I fain would keep thee without guile,
And shield thee from a weight of care.
I tremble to think of the years,
That must bring to my darling tears.

The silver must creep through the gold,
And change its shining waves of light;
Thy tender eyes may yet behold,
Thy fairest treasures fade from sight.
Oh, then, my child, remember how
Thy mother, too, hath wept as thou.

Thy way may lead from cross to cross,
Where thorns may pierce thy tender feet,
Thy heart may feel a bitter loss—
Rue ever mingles with the sweet.
Be strong, sweet child,—my heart hath bled;
In death's shadow I have prayed.

In joy or pain, thy mother's prayers
  Hath hallowed every hour;
My soul in travail and in tears
  Sought for thee a priceless dower.
Know, my child, whatever may be,
I have agonized for thee.

HOMESICK.

Dear mother, I'm homesick, how can I rest?
I'm longing to fly to my own home nest.
My heart is so hungry to-night to enfold
My babes to my bosom just once, as of old;
To look in their faces, their tender eyes,
Reflecting the blue of the quiet skies.
I know I ought not to tell this to you,
When perchance you are sad and lonely too;
But as some poor lamb goes bleating alone
I seek thy sweet counsel, mother my own.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

The coming years spread out before
With alluring hope and pleasure;
May no dark cloud o'ercast thy sky
To shadow thy heart's best treasure.
If thy wine of life should prove to
Be bitter instead of sweetness,
May faith unfold her starry wings
And gild thy pathway with brightness,
May love its gentle radiance
Cast, whatever may portend,
Its sheltering beams burn bright and
Sovereign light thy ways attend.

HEART'S-EASE.

No moon succeeds the sun,
Nor can pierce the midnight's tent any star.
—Robert Browning.

One summer night, no stars, no moon,
But hurrying clouds overhead;
No promenades, no quiet walks,
Nothing to do but muse and read.
Then stealing through the solitude
Came a bright little maiden fair,
In dress of white, with ribbons blue,
And sunlight over her hair.

'Twas little Heart's-ease and her doll,
So eager to tell what she sees;
And her rippling laugh flows on
As starlight glints through the trees.
Reciting in her sweetest way,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night,"
Then with her eyes downcast, she gave,
"The soldier's bride," 'twas her delight.

Then in a merry voice she sang
"The robin in the maple tree."
"Where are you going, pretty maid."
Her voice rang out so sweet and free.
Her face all wreathed in smiles,
And the gleam of her sunny hair,
She tripped so lightly away.
Leaving gladness everywhere.

And then we found little Heart's-ease
Had a true and tender heart,
Smiling to those by the wayside
With her innocent childish art.
Her bright life is filled with love,
And like the sweet woodland flowers,
The soft light beaming from her eyes
Doth deeply stir these hearts of ours.

PANSIES.

Only a few little pansies,
Fading away—
These are the flowers she sent me
One summer day.
Some are purple with golden hearts,
And some are blue,
Like the eyes of her who sent them,
Tender and true.
Only a few little pansies
Out of the past;
But they speak of tender hours far
Too sweet to last.
Through gathering tears I kiss each
Little flower;
They stir the deepest chords of love
With strange, sweet power.

DO YOU LOVE ME?

"Oh, child! you worry me to death,"
I sharply said.
"How can I stitch your little coat, when
You hide my thread?
How can I ever read my book?
Now go away.
I cannot read and talk to you—
Run off and play."
He did not go away, but climbed
Upon my knee,
And slowly said, with downcast eyes,
"Do you love me?"
The light of Heaven would pale for me,
O little boy!
If aught should steal thee from my arms,
My holy joy.
How could I ever read or sew,
If eyes of blue
Did not come smiling oft at me,
The whole day through?

Do I love thee? O wine of life,
My child thou art.
Thou claspest in thy little hands
Thy mother's heart.

ASLEEP.

Oh, sleep, it is a gentle thing.
—COLERIDGE.

RECLINING on a crimson couch,
In a robe of snowy whiteness,
The pretty arms but half concealed,
And feet in sandals of brightness.

The golden threads of sunny hair
Fold her in tender embraces,
The drooping lashes hide bright eyes,
And dimpled cheeks invite caresses.

Dream on, sweet one, thy little life
Winds only through bright places;
May angel wings droop soft and light,
To lend thee heavenly graces.

ABSENT.

Of all the scenes I cherish,
And love to muse upon,
This one is oft before me,
When the darkness cometh on.

A little white-robed figure,
With flowing, sunny hair,
Steals softly through the silence
And kneels beside my chair.

I hear a gentle murmur,
Repeated again and again,
"Dear Jesus, forgive my sins,
And make me good. Amen."

Then tucked in her little bed,
I watch her fair, sweet face,
Nestling among the pillows,
In innocent childish grace.

As soft as an angel's song,
  Her words float back again,
As waves of music fall
  In rhythm of sweet refrain.

STRENGTH.

On heavenly hills my soul would rest,
To strengthen for the fight,
To gird her armor tightly on,
Ere striking for the right.

Though conflicts strange and sharp may come,
Encompassed by thy peace,
My soul grows strong to face them all,
Till discords dark shall cease.

Straight on my heavenward way,
I will not turn aside,
But boldly press the narrow path,
Till I with Thee abide.

THE NAME ON THE WINDOW.

The mother cast a worried glance—
"Who hath dared to trace upon
My window's crystal bright," she said,
"What guilty hand this deed hath done?
These ugly lines,
Like broken vines,
Upon my window pane!"

A voice replied, "When you left
The room, oh mother dear, I took
Your diamond ring and wrote my name
Above your window seat, come, look—
I thought some day,
When I'm away,
You could remember me.

"I wrote it there for you to see—
It cannot be rubbed away;
I wrote the very best I could,
And thought, what will my mother say?
I wrote it there

With toil and care,
So you could remember me."

Then in the mother's gentle eyes
These trembling lines at once became
As precious jewels in her sight.
As there she traces out his name,
The crooked lines
Her heart entwines,
With tendrils deep and strong.

In after years the scholar bends
Above his books in research deep.
The mother watches from afar
His soul expand and honors sweep
Around his name,
Now crowned with fame,
Beyond the distant seas.

His swift pen speeds a message grand,
It lifts the noblest type of man,
And throbs in minor chords upon
The heart strings of humanity.
As dew and fire
His magic lyre
In sweet crescendos sweep.

The full sustainment of his love
Flows round the mother broad and free;
She hears the songs her singer sings,
Then lifts her eyes above to see
The crooked lines
Like broken vines,
Upon the window pane.

Again the trustful eyes of blue
Are smiling sweetly at her side—
"I wrote it there for you to see"
Float back as a refluent tide.
"I thought some day,
When I'm away,
You could remember me."

And dearer to the mother's heart
Is the name above her window seat;
It binds her to a golden past—
It makes him all her own, though sweet
The voice of fame,
That breathes his name
And worships at his throne.

A FABLE.

'Twas very long ago, thus have I read,
At first our blithesome warblers could not fly;
A tender God stooped down and showed
Them wings, that they might cleave the distant sky.
"Bear these thy burdens now for duty's sake,"
They took them, and behold, to their delight,
Were upward borne into ethereal blue.
Their burdens bore them up in heavenward flight,
Above earth's dissonance they calmly soar
Amid bright seas of cloud and sapphire blue,
Where peace eternal and profound doth reign.
So thou, oh soul! may rise exultant too.
What seems to thee a burden, may be wings,
To bear thy soul above to heights sublime,
Each duty done, each burden borne, yet brings
The power to lift thee to thy sphere divine.

POPLAR FOREST.

Summer home of Jefferson.

GENTLY blew the soft winds of September
Thro' the murmuring leaves of the aspen,
Uplifting their silvery whiteness
Around the halls of Poplar Forest.
The ivy still clings to the casement,
Where perchance sat the master and planned
For a nation that now hath grown mighty
No sound on the deepening silence,
Save the tinkling bells in the distance
Of herds on the green undulations.
The haze of the Indian summer
Enwrapped the mountains around us;
Camelion lights in the heavens
Flashed and burned into crimson;
While the soft purpling clouds of sunset,
Deeply fringed in golden splendor,
Stretched across the western horizon
A picture of infinite glory.
From forest and field rose a sweetness

Of delicious and delicate fragrance,
As winds from the home of the orange.
Forgetting the world in the distance,
We mused on the past and its glory,
Till heralds of night lower'd gently
Imperial curtains of twilight;
Then leaving the hall and its memories,
We retraced our way through the forest.

HONEYSUCKLE.

What memories this flower brings!
As a mist steals over my eyes;
And in my breast what sad, sweet thoughts
Of distant Southern skies.

Visions of home and children dear,
Float to me on golden wings of love;
While the fragrance gently lingers,
As blessings from above.

Baltimore, July, 1897.

DIDST THOU, OH, MY BELOVED!

> On high behests his angels to and fro
> Passed frequent.
>
> —MILTON.

DIDST thou, oh, my belovèd, for one moment
come down—
Didst thou leave thy bright home and thy
glorious crown
To softly fold thy white wings and bend low
over me
Till my soul was entranced with this sweet
ecstasy.

Did my heart's wild yearning, in its passionate
pain,
Pierce yon distant blue, as if to mingle its
strain
With the glad voices of angels seeking to find
My darling there, 'mid the countless throng
whose love doth bind.

With ties deep and strong, death itself cannot
sever.

Oh, no! my belovèd, it must live on forever.
As the soul is immortal, so must be our love,
Though I journey below and thou livest above.

Oh, plume thy radiant wings! leave thy blest
employ,
Come whisper unto me of Heaven and thy joy.
Let me but feel thy presence and know thou
art near
Then thy sweet ministrations the future will
clear.

PLANTING FREECIAS.

When Summer has gone and Autumn come
Make for these bulbs a snug little home.
In rich, loamy soil, moisten as dew,
And soon they will coyly peep at you.
First, pale green leaves, then the pure white
flower
Perchance to gladden a dreary hour.

(I almost omitted this to say)
They love to sit where the sunbeams play.
Let the first rays of the morning sun
Glance over these beauties one by one.
Within their white-stoled bosom glows
Distilled sweets of the damask rose.
These freecias slept the whole summer
through,
When the air was warm and skies were blue,
When winter winds chant a swelling psalm
They wake and bewitch you with their charm.

They always seemed like faith to me,
Casting a light on a troubled sea:
Plant and nurse it and hide in your breast,
And she will become a gracious guest.
When shadows loom dark around the soul
Then her true worth will gently unfold.

A REVERIE.

As from the darkening gloom a silver dove
Upsoars, and darts into the eastern light,
On pinions that naught move but pure delight.

—KEATS.

HAD I the swift wings of a dove,
I'd fly to some quiet bower,
In sweet communion there to spend
This peaceful twilight hour.
I'd breathe a prayer for those I
Love so far away from me:
Parted and scattered far and
Wide on life's tempestuous sea.

Some have entered the battle of
Life, and some have entered rest;
Some are glad in the joy of youth,
And some with care are pressed.
Then I think of the quiet graves
'Neath the shade of the sentinel tree;
I think with tender love of all,
For none abide with me.

Then I think of these holy words,
They seem written to comfort me:
Many shall come from the east and west
And sit by the tranquil sea.
There's one in that throng with chestnut curls,
And another with sunny hair,
Their robes are white as new fallen
Snow, and both are young and fair.

There's another with soft brown eyes
And a voice so tender and sweet,
I shall know them all at sight and
Call them by name when we meet.
They will know me, though years have wrought
Change, for strong and deep are love's ties—
They are waiting and calling for me,
From their blissful home in the skies.

NOT LOST.

Perhaps the loving Master saw
The way was too rough for His feet;
He knew there were breakers ahead
Too dangerous for him to meet.
He took him home while his beautiful
Life was full of promise sweet.

A SISTER OF MERCY.

The whiteness of His inocence
Over all her garments flowing.

MRS. BROWNING.

A CRIMSON ray from the setting sun
Stole in through the half-closed window
And shone with a calm and gentle light,
As a perfume oft doth linger.

. . . . . .

Here a sweet voice arose in accents clear—
We're weaving garments, we shall one day
wear;
The pattern we watch must come from above,
And be wrought in the shining threads of love.
If we wish our work to bear the test,
We must labor in faith and do our best.
If we wish our garments to shine as the sun,
When we stand in the presence of the Holy
One
We must watch the threads as we weave each
day,
This garment we weave will never decay.

We shall wear it through all the years to come,
We shall wear it in our eternal home.
I love to think of His mercy so free,
His mercy for you, His mercy for me.
And though we are weak and stumble and fall,
His love and His mercy are over all.
When you are sad and sorely distressed,
Then He is waiting to give you rest.
Though your garment is rent, watch the pattern above,
And fly to His arms, thou poor weary dove.
Thus unto one whose young life was broken,
These merciful words of love were spoken.
Her talents rare were freely given
To those who were straying far from Heaven.
I know there are many in the unseen land
Waiting and watching to clasp her hand.
Always ready in the tenderest love,
As Christ to point poor sinning souls above.
Seeking to soothe, to help and to cheer
Hearts overburdened with sorrow and care.
When her garment is fashioned complete
Sweet rest is awaiting her tired feet.
The Saviour has promised toilers as she
A beautiful home by the crystal sea.
When hands are weary and soul oppressed,

There just beyond is a glorious rest.
Far down the West at the set of life's sun
The Master will greet her: "Come home.
Well done."

BEDFORD SPRINGS, VA.

I GREET again my native state,
I breathe its pure and healthful air;
I press once more its sacred soil
And view its landscapes fair.
This wonderful healing spring as
It flows from its rocky bed,
Soothing the woes of the weary
As the hungry oft are fed.

Oh, friends in the heated city!
Come to these quiet and peaceful shades;
Let the soft south wind fan thy cheek
As daylight calmly fades.
Then seek the path through the orchard,
And watch the glorious sun
Sinking in purple and crimson,
And shadows closing around.

A mist hangs over the mountain
And hides their outlines dim.
The blossoms of sunset wither

L. of C.

With the chant of the evening hymn.
Yon peaks rise silent and sublime,
Veiled ever in a mist of blue;
Filmy clouds are bending low
As violets in the dew.

Virginia, thy sunny slopes
Are dearer far to me
Than citron groves of fabled isles
Dotting the Ægean sea.

THE BELL SIGNAL.

Of all the bells that peal out on the air,
The strangest music to me
Is a lone bell ringing in clarion
Notes, over the raging sea.

When the gallant ship makes over the bar
Call over the foaming deep,
The seamen brave are listening for thee,
Where the roaring billows leap.

Ring loud, ring clear, oh, thou sentinel bell!
Over the storm-tossed sea;
Ring loud, ring deep, o'er the whitening wave
Send thy message swift and free.

Ring on, ring on, thou pilot of the sea,
For the raging billows leap;
Let ever thy cheering notes be heard where
The maddening waters sweep.

MY FLOWERS.

My flowers are my constant friends
In fair and cloudy weather,
What cheerfulness their presence lends,
As our days glide on together.

General Lee, so grand and brave,
Like the Virginia hero!
It buds and blooms though winds may rave
And mercury drop to zero.

One as white as the hawthorn tree,
Covered with snowy flowers,
Always a pleasure and pride to me,
In wintry and in summer hours.

"Victor Hugo" and "Asa Gray,"
"Dr. Livingstone" and "Happy Thought,"
Growing lovelier every day,
Each with fragrance and beauty fraught.
Lemon, citron, apple and rose,
Their spicy robes they lightly trail,

Where heliotrope in purple glows,
And freecias white near primrose pale.

The orange blossoms for the bride
And breathes its perfume on the air.
Long tendrils of the smilax hide
And some entwine my rustic chair.

Viburnum there, with crotons bright,
Mingling with the olive sweet.
The fuchsias bend their ruby light
Upon the fair, pale marguerite.

My orchids and callas grand,
Lifting their hearts in the glad sunshine;
Through winter days how bright they stand
'Mid white and pink maurandia vine.

Oxalis and begonias turn
Their crimson beauty to the sun.
Majestic palms droop o'er the fern,
And shadow, too, the veilèd nun.

Crown of thorns, a strange, strange plant, now
Listen, a legend holds, 'tis said,
The same that pressed our Saviour's brow,
Till blood fell from His wounded head.

I prize it well, this crown of thorn,
For it whispers softly unto me,
"I did the sacred brow adorn
The day He gave His life for thee."

So in this symbol I divine,
A glorious promise given.
As thorns did once His brow entwine,
A crown I'll wear at length in heaven.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

How the soft sea-winds are gently sighing—
The days have fled, the old year is dying.
Let it slumber with its burden of tears;
Look up and behold God's eternal years—
Calm, peaceful years.

What hath the past year brought my friend they sigh.
As its changing seasons went sweeping by?
Did it yield for thee a fruitage of tears,
To dim the luster of the coming years?
The golden years!

Did it rob thy home of a gift divine,
'Round which thy affections didst closely twine?
Hath a voice grown still thou lovest to hear;
Dost thou miss at thy side a presence dear?
Holy and dear!

Or was it replete with glowing hours,
Rich and fragrant, as the breath of flowers?

Tho' the year crowns one, it robs another,
Tho' it smites thy heart, 'twill bless thy
brother.
It brought unto me, in a strange, strange way,
How earth's beauty must wither and decay.
Then it unfolded a glory beyond,
Smiling forever as the years go on.
Fly swiftly on!

Sovereign light in beauty resplendent,
Casting its beams in glory transcendent,
Rendering life and love, oh, passing sweet!
With a radiant hope of joy complete.
Yea, thrice complete.

Let us bless our friends, and gently listen,
To soothe their sorrows, when tear-drops
glisten;
Let us love and cheer them while yet we may,
Soon they may leave us alone on the way;
On life's rough way!

If we live aright and live as we ought,
So the years will garner the harvest wrought;
And crown us at length in immortal light—
Speed on, swift years, to eternity bright.
Hail, coming Light!

THE GIFT OF SONG.

If thou canst sing let thy sweet voice arise
In songs, as holy incense to the skies;
Then in thy sweetest strains sing for the old,
Let thy pure voice exultingly unfold
To them the glories of a better home
To which their feet are hastening, to roam
Oh, never more. Sing of the Saviour's love,
The lifelong friend who waits for them above.

Sing for the wandering one of Heaven,
Of pitying grace and sins forgiven;
Where angels are watching to see their feet
Turn unto the way of the mercy seat.
Then thou mayest rejoice even as they,
Seeing them walk in the righteous way.
'Tis a glorious gift that thou canst sing,
Uplifting poor souls on thy tuneful wing.

By the weary sufferer's couch, oh sing!
Here let the harmonious music ring,
Soaring away to those habitations

So oft obtained thro' sad negations.
Weave in thy singing, pleading and prayer,
Till peace shall descend in radiance there.
Transmuting pain to a temple of love
'Neath the spreading wings of the Holy Dove.

Sing tenderly over the peaceful dead,
Till mourning ones no more their tears may shed;
Bear them with thy calm voice to Paradise,
Till they above may lift adoring eyes,
And find the Comforter, who only knows
How bitter is the cup they drink of woes.
With thy soft voice, lead them to Him, to Him—
Oh, add this star unto thy diadem!

Look up, the whitening fields await thee,
Go forth, and thou shalt transfigured be.
Use well thy gift, the days speed swiftly on;
The weary ones, with hearts sad and forlorn,
Are all about thy way. God gave this gift,
A precious gift, to thee, that thou mayest lift
Thy brother's load of care, and 'twill bless thee,
As bread upon the waters of the sea.

A LIFE HISTORY.

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHO is more blest than a mother crowned with love?
Two little girls to be petted and caressed,
Then listen to voices like the coo of a dove
As she spreads her swift wings to fly to her nest.
Linger, sweet years!

How the soft curls, as tendrils of love cling to my
Finger as I brush the bright locks from each fair face
They nestle and cling so close to my breast, they vie
Each with the other to gain first the place.
Stay, oh bright years!

It was stitch, stitch, and fashion a dainty white
dress,
Then embroider, faster grew the delicate
lace
Each day under my fingers, while oft would
I press
A fond kiss on the lips of an upturned face.
Stay, oh sweet years!

It was a labor of love as the years flew on,
My life was complete and rich in pure joys,
till I
Suffered a loss for which nothing can atone.
Widowed bereft while my heart makes this
low cry—
Pass, oh sad years.

My girls they are children no longer, each a
bride,
And happy as brides should be, though I sit
alone,
And feel so strange at the change by my own
fireside.
The house is so still which once was gay,
how I mourn,
Bright years gone by!

Change after change, my youngest a widow with two
Little children, a girl and a boy, to protect.
My duty was clear to go and comfort and do
My best to cheer her poor heart and gently direct
Through strange, sad years.

Peace smiled on me once more, I loved them so
Well, these little ones, for were they not mine of mine?
In them I lived my own life over, I knew
Not the difference from my own, Love is divine.
Linger, sweet years!

But the years swept on; our boy was a man, to be
Leaned on and trusted; he was our joy and pride
Through all the glad days, and heaven's blessing to me
As, in God's sweet sunshine, I walked by his side.
Stay, oh swift years!

Sickness smote him down, he suffered months
of pain;
I nursed him day and night, his mother
could not,
For tears and mighty love she could not con-
ceal vain.
Our efforts to save him, prayer availed not.
Pass, oh sad years!

How we wrestled and struggled with sorrow,
God knows
'Twas hard to yield our loving boy, the
only son!
We bore it, soothed by the radiance which
glows
From the pathway he trod, ere his journey
was done.
Speed on, swift years!

A railway accident befell the son of my
Older daughter; he rallied at first, but I
Saw his doom was written, and did all I could
by
Ministrations tender to soothe his weary
sigh.
Fly on, sad years!

Through the long watches of the night I was
with him.
He always rested better when I was near,
glad
To reach forth his poor wasted hand, in
shadow dim
And find me there, he said it made his heart
less sad.
Fly on, swift years!

Day and night I cheered and nursed him unto
The end. Stood with him in the hour su-
preme, nor left
Him till his young head drooped upon my
breast, knew
He was with Christ and I again sorely
bereft.
Speed on, sad years!

With the closing of this sweet patient life my
last
Work seemed ended. Six grandchildren
and three grown,
Married, settled in snug homes, where chil-
dren cast

Ever merriment around their happy hearth-
stone
As years fly on!

There seemed no room for me and all deemed
best
That I should go unto the "city home" and
live
My few remaining days. How the thorn
crown pressed—
Low at their feet I fell as one struck dead.
Forgive—
Speed on, strange years!

Forgive them, oh forgive, I cried, they know
not
What they do; Christ in His agony upon
the
Cross, looked down in love on her, nor then
forgot
"Behold thy mother!" such mercy show to
me.
Fly, oh sad years.

I could not plead with my children, a mother a
Suppliant, oh, no! too deep, too deep the
pain. I

Laid my sorrow at His feet in prayer each day;
Spare, oh spare my heart this wound! was my soul's deep cry.
Pass, oh sad years!

There is room for me in the many mansions fair,
My journey is nearly complete, I almost see
The gleam of light and the glory the angels wear.
The burnished spires, the shores of the jasper sea.
Come, oh bright years!

. . . .

They brought me here to the "city home"—'tis for life.
They brought me to my living grave. He came unto
His own, but His own received Him not, the strife
In human hearts goes on in Gentile as in Jew.
Pass on, sad years!

The servant is not above his master. He said,
"The foxes have holes, the birds of the air
have nests,
But the Son of man hath not where to lay His
head.
I'll lay my hand in His nor shrink at strange
behests
Pass, oh swift years!

On distant shores my tired feet must soon find
rest.
Unfaltering faith in Christ shines over each
day.
My desolated way grows bright, within my
breast."
His peace abides and gloomy shadows flee
away.
Speed on, calm years!

BEREFT.

"COME, nurse, thy patient calleth thee."
She did not come. I sought her then through hall
And ward and corridor, and still did call,
"Come, nurse, thy patient now hath need of thee."

From a vacant room near by I heard a moan.
It was the nurse I sought, the golden head
Was bowèd low, "It is the day," she said,
"The day he died, and left me thus alone."

I drew the weeping nurse unto my breast
And tried to soothe her grief; so bereft.
Poor one, I thought, if I like she were left
How could I brave the storms of life's behests.

If my heart were left to weep its widowhood,
If the strong love on which I now may lean
Were called away, would I be calm then
To endure things hard to be understood?

Would I like this young nurse leave home and
friends
To watch above the sufferer's bed and
Cool the fevered brow with gentle hand,
Bearing my crucifixion till it rends?

FRIEND.

A SACRED name, eternity alone
Can span its limitations, this gem most rare
Hath setting not of earth; 'tis wealth if thou
Possess one friend true-hearted and sincere.

IN THE GARDEN.

The *dusty miller* sought to change his coat
Within the *virgin's bower,*
But the *ragged sailor* said, I'll tell your
Sweetheart *gilliflower.*

Job's tears fell thickly over *Joseph's coat*
Upon my *lady's slipper.*
Forget-me-not cut the *cherry pie;* the
Old maid said 'twas bitter.

Youth and old age smiled side by side, touched
By the *evening glory.*
An *Indian shot* at *four o'clock,* and
Spoiled their sweet love story.

The *baby's breath* came soft and low, as I
Marked the morn's new splendor;
Flora's paint brush quickly traced the
Glory o'er my window.

Sweet *amethyst* in happy way called
Out to *passiflora,*
A *bachelor's buttons* won my heart, he
Is a gallant lover.

VICTORIA.

England, bow thy head and weep, thy gracious
Sovereign now doth sleep,
Guard thou her deep and dreamless slumber,
Proud nation, bow and weep.

Thy empress queen long years hath reigned
Upon thy royal throne;
Her saintlike purity new grace hath lent
To thy illustrious crown.

No dark or dreadful deed hath stained
Thy scepter now laid down.
Her lofty soul so pure hath shone from
Thy imperial throne.

The royal purple but unveiled
A woman's loving heart.
England, mourn thy sovereign dead,
Enshrine her in thy heart.

THE EDWARDS OF ENGLAND.

(Since the Norman Conquest.)

Edward the first on England's throne who reigned
Comes of the Saxon line, at length regained.
Henry bid him come to claim a kingly crown,
Imperial honors, glory and renown.
This gallant soldier prince, with battle scars
Received on sacred soil in holy wars.
Four and thirty years in changing seasons come
Ere this king yields the scepter to his son.
Then Edward the second, weak, hapless king,
Full nineteen years their bitter sorrows bring.
First Prince of Wales to bear that royal name;
Born on their soil, Wales doth his kingship claim.
No royal crown can heal the broken heart
Or check the source from whence the evils start.
" With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hand I give away my crown."
Thus could he say as did another king
Whose mighty sorrows death and darkness bring.
Despis'd, dethron'd, England, behold thy king
Crownless, in a prison's gloom suffering.
The crown is placed upon his son's fair brow—
Edward the third, a child king, reigneth now.
Fifty years he ruled his people well;
On his valiant deeds they fondly dwell.
Edward the fourth reigned two and twenty years,
A reign marked by wars and England's tears.
Oh, unhappy England, thy fertile fields
Are mighty battle-ground for swords and shields.
His son, Edward the fifth, lost his crown and his life
At the hand of his uncle. On went the strife.
The war of the Roses swept to the end,
Till the red and the white their beauty blend.
Edward the sixth ascending the throne,
A mere child to bear the weight of a crown.
Six years the young monarch ruled and reigned,
Then laid down his scepter pure and unstained.

Three hundred and forty-eight years roll on—
In the new light of the century's dawn
Edward the seventh, Victoria's son,
Reigns a king, gains a crown, in 1901.

LENTEN BELLS.

To-day
I hear the lenten bells-
They seem to say,
Cast off thy sordid cares, kneel thou and pray.

They peal
So softly in their tone,
A joy doth steal
Into their ringing as we lowly kneel.

Anear,
Afar, sweet lenten bells,
Thy chimes are dear,
Calling unto thy children year by year.

Ringing
To the sad and weary,
Softly winging,
Floats the message which these bells are bringing.

Oh hear,
They call to you, they call
To me so near.
Calm thy unresting heart, take joy for fear.

Sweet bells,
I love thy tender pleading.
O! lenten bells,
Thy holy voice a wondrous story tells.

I heard
Them as a little child;
Then they stirred
My heart, as lucent air by song of bird.

And then,
As still I journeyed,
I heard again
Their call as the voice of a long-lost friend.

On, on,
I go, and still they ring,
And faith has borne
Its chalice to my lips the way along.

Ring on,
"Purge thou thy soul of sin
Till peace shall dawn,"
And thy glad chimes ring in the Easter morn.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

Holy days of penitence and prayer
Draw on apace.
Welcome calm! days when I may draw so near
His tender grace.

I will arise, for Thou dost bid me come,
In accents sweet;
Although, my God, I know I am unfit
To kiss Thy feet.

The whiteness of Thy purity I plead
To stand for me.
'Tis through the Lamb, for sinners slain, I dare
To come to Thee!

No merit in myself I claim, for I
Am poor indeed;
In pain and penitence I come, a bruised
And broken reed.

Search Thou my secret thoughts, subdue my
will;

Bid discords cease.
Let me triumphant soar to purer skies
On wings of peace.

Above the mists and shadows, as the wild
Dove in its flight,
Cleaving the distant blue onward! upward!
In boundless light.

In sweet communion now to draw apart
And walk with Thee.
Yes, Master, I will follow, even to
Gethsemane!

Oh, to turn away from sinful self and
Torturing care,
In passion days to find beneath Thy wing
A refuge there!

THE LAST SUPPER.

(Thursday night before Good Friday.)

This solemn night we to Thy temple come
To celebrate Thy eternal love.
Come to the blessed feast, come be our guest,
And spread Thy wings o'er us, O Holy Dove!

The Lenten days have passed and now the
Hallowed vigils of the cross we keep;
A sad, sweet duty, born of love alone,
As o'er Thy broken body, Lord, we weep.

The Priest before the sacred altar stands—
The music peals forth soft and sweet and low,
The pure white lilies shed their fragrance here,
Fit emblem of Thy spotless life below.

The snowy linen on Thy table spread,
The burning tapers cast their light around;
The solemn stillness of the sacred hour
Before the sacrifice, our souls bow down.

Strip pride and envy from our hearts away,
Cast sin in every form from us to-night.
We want to be as pure and free from stain
As when before Thy face in Heaven's new light!

Oh, if we might, like favored John,
Upon Thy loving, tender breast recline.
Or, as in days of old, like Mary sit,
In holy rapture, at Thy feet divine.

This sacred feast, oh Saviour, fills our hearts,
With glory borne from Heaven above.
Exultantly our souls now rise to Thee!
In sweet and grand triumphant songs of love.

We know Thy spirit now is brooding near,
Our souls adore Thy gracious presence, Lord.
Such joy divine! such peace! such deep repose!
In streams come now descending at Thy word.

We fain would linger in Thy presence dear,
The music peals so soft and low and sweet.
We fain would linger at this hallowed feast
Oh rapture sweet to linger at our Master's feet!

GOOD FRIDAY.

"They shall look on Him whom they pierced."

My Saviour, on this holy day,
My spirit turns to Thee.
I see Thee on Thy face in prayer!
I see Thy agony!

Father, pass this cup from me! was
The cry of Mary's son—
If not—resigned, I'll drink it,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, awful scene upon the mount,
At lonely midnight's hour.
No pitying friend, a-near, to
Stay the evil power.

God Himself had turned away,
He could not look on sin,
'Though His pure and holy Son was
Bearing the sins of men.

How God loved His only son!
Treading the wine press alone,
Behold a Father's bursting heart
As He turns from that moan.

My God, why hast Thou forsaken me!
Left me alone to die,
No tender voice of God or friend,
Answered the dying cry.

Even Thy mother could not come nigh
To soothe the dying one
Or press a kiss on the brow of
Her well-belovèd son.

'Tis finished now, He cried
Atonement is complete,
As the precious blood flows down from
His wounded hands and feet.

Well might the veil be rent in twain,
Darkness cover the skies,
And the graves yield up their dead to
Witness the sacrifice.

My soul looks to the cross—there Thy
Suffering form I see.

When Thou comest into Thy kingdom,
Saviour, remember me.

I look on Thee I have pierced,
And put to open shame,
Unworthy, gracious Lord, am I,
To breathe Thy holy name.

Repentant at Thy feet to-day—
My Saviour keep me there,
With a contrite heart and will in
Earnest, fervent prayer.

HOURS OF THE CROSS.

12 to 3.

In deep humility, my soul, draw near
The cross. The Son of God is dying now:
Thou canst not see His pallid cheek, for here
The awful gloom enfolds His thorn-crowned brow.
And circles round His sacred form, slow wane
The hours that mark death's pain.

The little group who loved Him stand apart,
Nor dare they offer love's sweet incense pure.
The Roman spear guards well the sacred heart,
And eyes wherein no lovelight burns, endure
With scorn, the holy hours of the cross. My
Soul, thus did thy Saviour die.

He begged forgiveness then for sins and
Sinners vile, the hours of the cross record
This latest plea, that such as I might stand
In purity before His face. Dear Lord,
Let those gloom-environed hours cry to Thee,
Let them now plead for me.

EASTER MORN.

MARY, why weepest thou beside the tomb?
Why seek ye Him within its silent gloom?
Christ is not there.
Lift up your downcast eyes, your bowèd head,
For He indeed hath risen as He said,
Divinely fair.

In the sepulcher sit forms immortal—
Angels bright, guarding the lowly portal.
He doth not sleep.
His sacrificial work at length is done.
Glorious immortality hath won.
How canst thou weep?

Behold Him 'neath the dewy olive bough,
Bright aureolas float around His brow,
He lives again.
The first pale light of dawn benignly shed,
Its amethystine glory on His head.
He comes to reign.

Cast thou thy spices at His living feet,
And listen to the words His lips repeat
Of life and love.
Go breathe His message to each waiting heart,
In adoration unto them impart
Joy from above.

Each glorious Easter morn hath sealed
The pledge His resurrection power revealed.
His words sublime
Float down to us from that first Easter time,
And mingle with the joyful Easter chime,
Pure and divine.

ASCENSION DAY.

This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven. Acts i. 11.

Oh, Saviour, crowned with glory now!
No more shall cruel thorns surround Thy brow;
The Heavenly hosts now adore Thee,
And Seraphs cast their crowns before Thee.

The Holiest incense of the skies
Is offered to our sacrifice.
And the grandest note of Heaven's song
That ever floats from the countless throng

Is given to Him who once was slain,
But now in glory comes to reign.
His earthly life of trials ended,
Unto our father God ascended.

Equal with God and at His right hand
Ever will Christ our Saviour stand,

For weak and faltering ones to plead,
For sinners like me to intercede.

Let Thy life, Thy love, touch every heart;
May we through Thee seek the better part;
May Thy bitter pains and cruel wounds
Purchase for us immortal crowns.

In Thy glorified body to-day
We see Thee received and borne away
In a cloud in triumph to God's right hand,
To Thy home and my home in a better land.

But Thou hast promised to come again
And receive Thy faithful children then,
"For the Lord Himself shall descend from
Heaven,"
And to each shall a reward be given.

Whether we wake or whether we sleep,
Our Saviour will surely His promise keep,
And the tears shed in this present strife
We shall find jewels in the crown of life.

WHITSUNDAY.

Descend, oh Holy Dove, to-day!
And spread thy wings about my way;
Let no rude passion stir my breast,
But sweetly in thy presence rest.
Upon the threshold of my heart
There gently poise and peace impart,
Whispering hope and love divine,
To cheer this fainting soul of mine.
I need the light thy spirit brings,
I need the healing of thy wings!
The sweet communion which I love
Bear softly to me from above.
Then meekly as a little child,
And in Thy sight as undefiled,
Calm and deep my joy shall be
As waters of a tranquil sea.

CHRISTMAS.

THE emulous clouds were bended low,
Circling the hills as mantles of snow.
Darkness and silence were resting there.
The shadows of night deep and profound,
Casting its sable curtain around,
Hushing the world in its pain and care.

When, piercing the depths of gloom afar,
Flashed the light of a brilliant star,
Gilding mountains and valleys with light.
There in the Eastern sky 'twas burning!
The shepherds saw without discerning
The meaning of the wondrous sight.

Their hearts were filled with unknown dread,
Till the angel drew near and softly said:
"Fear not, good tidings of joy I bring."
Then o'er Judea's plains were ringing
Heavenly songs the hosts were singing—
Glory to God, praise the new-born king.

Glad tidings blest, yea, the Christ was born
Unto this world that Christmas morn.
As a little child He came to earth.
Clothed as we, a God concealing,
Drawing so near, His love revealing;
Oh glad the day of the Saviour's birth!

He came to guide our feet in the way
Which shineth unto the perfect day—
Immaculate One, holy and good.
Leaving His home in yon bright Heaven.
To lead us there with sins forgiven.
Can ever such love be understood?

Hail the blest day, let His praise abound;
Roll over this earth a joyful sound,
For unto us a Saviour is born.
Oh, may His love in peace descending,
Softly as angels' songs are blending,
Abide with us this glorious morn.

A PRAYER.

FATHER, Thou knowest my heart,
  Thou hearest a suppliant's prayer.
Help me to choose the better part,
  And cast on Thee my every care.

The sin that doth my soul assail,
  And press me every day and hour.
Without Thy aid, Thy grace, I fail,
  And fall 'neath the tempter's power.

A bruised and broken reed I come
  And lay my sorrows at Thy feet.
My restless spirit seeks its home,
  And finds in Thee a solace sweet.

Father, I scarcely dare to lift
  My eyes unto Thy throne above.
My work undone, my sheaves adrift—
  Yet all Thy attributes are love.

The sordid thoughts that fill my breast,
Supplant them by Thy presence there;
Which gives such rapture, joy and rest,
And lead me in Thy pastures fair.

BEREAVED.

I SOMETIMES sit and softly sing,
  And watch the quiet skies,
And think of one I love so dear,
  With soft and tender eyes.

If for one moment he might come
  And reveal himself to me!
Just come to the edge of a silvery cloud,
  For my longing eyes to see!

Immortal light of life doth shine,
  Upon his face to-day—
Oh, one glimpse of that angel face
  Would bear my soul away.

Away from sin and grief and care
  To contemplate my rest,
And dream of glories yet to come,
  When sorrows all are past!

But I know the Saviour hath said,
  By faith and not by sight,
So I'll calmly trust in Him, till
  I reach the land of light.

PSALM XLII.

As pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul for Thee;
The peace which holy David sought,
Oh, Christ, give me!

My soul within me is cast down,
The waves and billows toss.
I leave the multitude afar
And seek Thy cross!

My soul disquieted and sad,
Goes mourning day and night.
Oh why should I thus cleave to dust—
Where is my light?

Look up, my soul! Thy Saviour stands
To calm the troubled sea.
But place thy trembling hand in His,
He will lead thee.

INVOCATION.

"INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,"
Rang out from the white-robed choir;
A soft and heavenly strain,
Mingled with dew and fire!

"If Thou art my shield and my sun
One voice in sweet pleading arose,
Seeking the portals of heaven,
Breathing a calm repose.

"As fast as my minutes roll on
They bring me but nearer to Thee,"
Swept on the melodious song,
Leaving its blessings on me.

"His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend,"
Angels are whispering softly,
Even so, Amen! Amen!

WATCH AND PRAY.

Help me, sweet Saviour, to fulfil
  This blest command each day;
Give me a contrite heart and will,
  Thus let me watch and pray.

Thy grace I need, Thy grace I crave,
  To wash my guilt away,
Thy healing power can only save,—
  Oh, let me watch and pray!

In joyful hours or grief, my Lord,
  Thy will make me obey.
For in Thy Holy Word I learn
  That Thou didst watch and pray.

The wiles and snares that lure my feet
  From wisdom's blessed way,
Are for my spirit right and meet,
  To make me watch and pray.

The thorn first pressed Thy brow, what
  Sufferings, who can say?

And am I better, Lord, than Thou,—
"I love thee, watch and pray."

Pluck not the thorn, lift not the cross,
But send Thy quickening ray,
Refine the gold, remove the dross,
Thus let me watch and pray.

GONE AWAY.

Called from us unto a higher life,
Free now and evermore from earthly strife,
Gone from earth-bound vision,
Crowned by an all-peerless love!
Her pure soul is safely landed,
At home, with Christ, above!

SUFFICIENT.

My grace is sufficient for thee
In every sad, dark hour.
My strength is made perfect in weakness,
Rest thou in the might of my power.

Poor dove, thy restless strivings cease,
No balm or solace wilt thou find,
Earth offers thee no peaceful home,
Or comes thy broken heart to bind.

Why wilt thou beat thy weary wings
O'er barren wastes to widely roam?
I am thy only light and guide,
I am thy everlasting home.

WHEN SHADOWS GATHER.

Sometimes my path winds through deepening shade,
Sometimes no light strikes through the shadows there.
I cannot hear the voice I long to hear,
Above the wave, "'Tis I, be not afraid."

Then swift and sure the light streams o'er my way,
Deep and glorious peace uplifts my soul;
Blissful streams of love divine round me roll,
And joy sings on to cheer the darkest day.

And so I think I sometimes careless grow,
And then my Saviour hides His face from me,
To lift my soul above on pinions free,
Beyond subtle whisperings of the foe.

I know the Tender Shepherd loves His sheep,
His loving arm is round me all the day,

I know His mercies shine about my way—
Though storms may cast gathered shadows deep.

Master, Thou knowest I strive to walk with Thee,
Thou knowest the worldling's life I try to shun,
The tears I shed over duties left undone.
Though light or shade may be, stand Thou near me.

THE SOUL'S PLANE.

Up, up, my soul, unfold thy wings,
  Thy golden wings of faith.
Let not the soil of earth's vile sin
  Debase thy heavenly birth.

Shake off the dust that fain would cling,
  And plume thy pinions bright;
Rise to thy plane and poise aloft,
  O! soul, speed to thy Light.

Lift up thy heavy eyes and see
  Amid God's vast expansions,
He hath preparéd there for thee
  A home of many mansions.

Too loud are earth's discordant sounds
  To hear our angels singing;
But ever on those peaceful shores
  Their joyous notes are ringing.

With such a hope, how can I halt,
  Leaving my work undone?

Or stagger on the royal road
Pressed by God's Holy Son.

Soft as Heavenly dews descend,
Restore my spirit's calm;
Strong in Thy love I lean upon
Thine everlasting arm.

SUNSET.

The sun incarnadines the West,
As touched by fiery fingers,
The brilliant colors softly glow,
And on the hillside lingers.
Oh, think! there remaineth a rest
Reserved for the people of God.
And He who paints these scenes in the
Clouds hath spoken these holy words.

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

When streams of light pour down the golden west.
—KEATS.

THE sun sinks low beyond the western hill,
The fragrance of the balmy summer air
Comes, wafted o'er the rolling landscape fair;
The beauty of the scene my senses thrill.

In this peaceful hour at the close of day,
Heavenly thoughts within my bosom burn.
From worldly cares this hour my soul would turn,
And humbly seek communion, Christ, with Thee.

Has any soul been helped this day by me
To see the beauties of the King I claim?
Have I, oh Christ! adored Thy holy name?
Though in Thy blessed Kingdom least I be.

Have I turned from sin for Thy dear sake?
Has my heart been lifted oft in prayer?

Have I asked for strength my cross to bear,
Have I tried Thy will mine own to make?

Speak, gracious Saviour, for Thy servant waits;
Inspire my joyful heart with holy praise.
Fill thou the measure of my pilgrim days
Till I shall pass within the pearl-set gates.

SUBMISSION.

When pain and anguish smite my heart,
  When sufferings lay me low,
Though earthly comforts all depart,
  'Tis for my good, I know.

I watch my loved ones fade and die,
  My cherished hopes decay;
Yet from my chastened heart no cry—
  Let no rebellious thought have way.

I know my Father rules my life;
  My soul is in His care,
To cleanse and purify from strife,
  For Heavenly mansions fair.

Let selfish aims and selfish plans
  Fall in the dust and break;
I want to lift up holy hands
  To Heaven, for Jesus' sake.

I want my life so full of zest;
  So full of pure intent;

I want to soothe some troubled breast,
With peace from Heaven sent.

I want my friends to love Thee, too—
My God to be their God.
I want my life both chaste and true,
According to Thy word.

The peace, the joy, the holy rest
That fills my soul to-night,
I claim it as a Heavenly guest,
And thank Thee for the Light.

DUTY.

The paths of peace my feet should enter in,
Are ofttimes changed for those more dark and drear;
The souls each day I ought to strive to win
Are left in sin,—and I kneel down for prayer?
Forsake, my soul, the rugged paths of sin;
No longer fold thy wings so swift and free,
But in the sunlight of His love go win
Thy crown of joy, it waiteth now for Thee.

MY HOME.

"I go to prepare a place for you."

Oh, home so grand and glorious,
  My spirit longs for thee;
Oh, home so fair and beauteous,
  Over the sapphire sea!

Oh, beautiful fleecy clouds, you
  Will soon be under my feet,
As I pass through your misty veil
  On my journey strange and sweet.

Oh, beautiful crimson sunset!
  Your splendor may mark my way,
As I pass through the valley of shadow
  Veiling the perfect day.

Oh, seraphs, sing your sweetest songs,
  As I sweep through gates of gold—
Welcome me, ye shining ones, when
  I reach the upper fold!

Strike glad notes on your golden harps
As Heaven breaks on my eyes,
'Mid celestial glories, let
Me enter Paradise!

When I come to open vision,
Of Christ, my Saviour and King,
I shall fall at His feet in rapture,
As the sweet-voiced angels sing.

I shall find my long-lost darlings,
In their youth and beauty there!
Blighted in bud and flower here,
Blooming divinely there.

Oh, beautiful home in Heaven!
Oh, Saviour, who dwellest there!
Guide me and lead me day by day,
Till I Thy glory share.

AS THOU DIDST TURN FROM WONTED PATHS.

As Thou didst turn from wonted paths
  In solitude to fast and pray,
So would I turn to Thee alone
  This Holy day.

As Thou didst walk upon the sands
  By the calm Tiberian Sea:
So in Thy footsteps may I find
  Sweet peace with Thee.

As Thou didst foil the tempter's power,
  So in Thy strength may I be strong
To triumph o'er the evil one
  As I go on.

As Thou didst lead a perfect life,
  To guide poor mortals o'er the way:
So ever looking unto Thee
  I may not stray.

TIRED.

Saviour, my Saviour, draw near unto me,
Unworthy am I to look unto Thee.
I am so tired, I want only rest:
I seek repose on Thy sheltering breast.
The way is so rough to my bruisèd feet,
I stumble, and fall, in the noise and heat.
Shine Thou in transcendent light o'er my way!
Changing the shadows into calm, sweet day.
Then back to my work and my cross I come.
Illumined! uplifted! by a glimpse of home.
Counting it a joy to work and to wait,
For just beyond lies the beautiful gate!
And I may enter and dwell therein
If my garments are white and free from sin.

UNREST.

My Father, why is it I often stand,
As a poor alien in a distant land?
Shadows gather and overcast my sky—
Doth Heaven now attend my feeble cry?
Hush these vain questionings, oh, my soul!
And upward glance, where thou canst there
behold,
The calm, pure glory of the starry world.
Could human hands such majesty unfurl?
Dwell on the mercies of thy risen Lord.
Rest on the promise of His holy word!
Then as the waves of the refluent sea
His peace will dawn, and softly shine for thee.
For even with life's last outgoing tide,
He then hath said, thou shalt be satisfied!

SABBATH BELLS.

Oh, Sabbath bells! how sweet thy tones are pealing
Upon the stillness of the morning air,
And weary ones may leave their worldly care
The sacred aisle to press devoutly kneeling.

The pastor's voice in low and tender pleading;
The dim old church of sweetest memory;
And holy voices lifted, Christ, to Thee!
For sanctifying grace we all are needing.

It is not mine to join the goodly number
Or swell the chorus of the joyful song;
Yet wings of peace uplift and bear me on,
As on its mother's breast a child doth slumber.

It is not mine to humbly kneel, confessing,
Within the sanctuary of our God,
Or hear the reading of His holy word;
But even here I taste the cup of blessing.

And o'er my couch of pain a light is streaming,
And ever on my disciplined heart
Falls balm and healing for its deepest smart,
'Tis love divine, upon my pathway beaming!

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

When Christ our Master lived on earth,
He sought to soothe each day another's pain!
The humblest sinner, in His sight, was worth
His tenderest care, and words of love fain
Fell on burdened ones whose hearts were sore—
On them! on them! He sought the balm to pour.

Within the house of sorrow He was found;
Beside the tomb, He wept with those who wept;
Mingled His sacred tears with those around;
Spoke words of heavenly comfort, nor kept
Alone sweet blessings hidden in His breast.
On stricken ones He sought to shed calm rest.

He is our pattern and our guide, but do
We walk the way He pointed out for us?
While time its circling courses sweep, the true,
The only path, lies round our way, and thus

Our selfish hearts too oft lead us astray—
From sorrow's call we turn our face away.

Withhold the words of cheer we oft should
speak;
Draw meekly near unto the feast of love.
Then walk our way alone, tho' hearts may
break!
Stretch not a hand to lift poor souls above
The clasp of sin, or the tempter's power—
Perchance we might save one in such an hour.

And can we stand before our Father, bare
Our souls unto His all-searching eye, feel
The trust He hath given unto our care
We keep as Christ would have us do, we deal
And render unto all as He? Then blest
Are we, and in His kingdom we shall rest.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Psalm 23.

The Lord is my Shepherd. The Shepherd
Loves his sheep,
And ever round about their paths a
Watch doth keep.

And oh, my soul! He leadeth thee in
Pastures green;
Where fountains flow, and waters lie calm
And serene!

When shadows fall, He gives to me a
Staff and rod;
That I may know I lean upon the
Living God!

Oh, my heart, to rest! and know that thou
Mayest rest
In peace and sweet repose upon thy
Saviour's breast.

No evil shall my steps attend, but
Mercy sweet
Shall shine, till I may lay my crown low
At His feet!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

She hath passed to the "thitherward shore,"
On earth she will sing her sweet songs no more;
Heaven claimed its own, she soar'd away:
Yet her songs float back through the gates of day.

The measure of her days complete at last,
Care and sorrow now are all overpast.
What scenes of glory doth she now behold?
How sweet her rest within that blessed fold.

May her mantle fall with its gifts and power,
On one who may feel it a heavenly dower;
Then go forth as she to comfort and bless,
The heart of the weary, the world's distress!

I SHALL RISE AGAIN.

May Easter joy abound, the joy no man can take;
The glorious hope that we too one day shall wake,
Clothed in immortal life! Christ willed it so.
And said, "That where I am there shall ye also go."
Through sad and holy hours we reach this gladsome day,
And turn our thankful hearts to distant lands away;
Made dear to us because His feet its ways have trod;
We seek to find the footprints of a tender God.
And then like some calm sea, the noisy tempest still,
His peace descends; we are content to wait His will.
Seest thou not the trees so lately brown and bare

Now clothed in green and stirred by balmy air?
The gloomy fields o'erswept by sharp and wintry gales,
In emerald glory now sweet perfume exhales,
And dotting here and there we see in Spring-time dressed,
The flowers, reflecting "Heaven's colors on their breast."
And so the sweetest message Easter brings to me
Is life for those I love, yes, life eternally.

EVERY MAN WENT UNTO HIS OWN HOUSE; JESUS WENT UNTO THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The evening shadows lengthened,
And the glorious western sun
Was bathing the hills in crimson,
As the twilight crept gently on.

Jesus came forth from the Temple,
Where He had spoken holy things,
But not a friend drew near to Him,
Not one a word of welcome brings.

And every man went to his house,
From the presence of Him divine;
Nor seemed to see the halo
Bright 'round His brow in beauty shine!

Light had died on the hilltops,
And Jesus was standing alone,
So He sought the Mount of Olives,
With perhaps a pillow of stone.

None to claim the heavenly guest,
None in the land of Galilee
To humbly come and beg of Him,
"Master, wilt Thou abide with me?"

When I dwell on this sad picture,
The hot tears spring to my eyes,
And in my breast tumultuous thoughts
As storm-tossed billows rise!

Be still, my heart, Christ is not here,
But His vicegerent in His stead—
The Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven
To dwell with us as Jesus did.

Is my house swept and garnished
To receive the Holy Guest?
Is my heart a living temple
For God's messenger so blest?

Ah no! The sordid things of earth
Surcharge my heart with petty sin;
And should the Holy Dove draw near,
I fear He would not enter in.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Come, let us see the place where the Lord lay.
For He hath risen this glorious day.
Go tell thy brethren, come to Galilee,
That there also they shall look upon me.

All hail! I greet you again, be not afraid;
I promised my belovèd to rise from the dead.
All power in earth to me is given,
Power that springs from the throne in Heaven.

Whatsoever I command you to do,
Lo, I am with you to carry you through.
Thus sayeth our Saviour on this glad day,
The angels hath rolled the stone away.

Behold the scars on my hand and my side,
It is I, your Master, who was crucified;
Ye doubt, "Reach hither thy finger" and see,
These wounds I received on Calvary.

God pity souls who to-day sit unmoved,
By scenes of Thy passion, Thy death, Thy love;

Bring them to the foot of the cross in prayer
And show them Thy love and forgiveness there.

This day when joy should reign in the heart,
A shadow falls and the tears will start.
I yearn for my loved ones who know not Thee—
Oh, touch them and heal them as Thou didst me.

Saviour, I bear them to Thee on my heart!
And I pray they may see Thee as Thou art.
Oh, give them to me in that glory land!
Let them with me in Thy presence stand.

As of old let them come to blue Galilee,
And open their eyes that they too may see.
Let them not be afraid, but seek Thy rest,
And tenderly draw them unto Thy breast.

I thank Thee and bless Thee, oh Christ divine!
For drawing my soul so close unto Thine;
On earth, in Heaven I'll ever praise Thee
For dying to save a sinner like me.

MINE EYES SHALL BEHOLD, AND NOT ANOTHER.

Oh, Christ, can it be
That I shall one day sit with Thee?
Look in Thy face, hold Thy hand,
And gaze upon the beauties of the heavenly land?

Oh, Christ, can it be!
That I shall one day walk with Thee
Side by side, on golden sands,
And cease to yearn for home and friends in other lands?

Oh, Christ, can it be
That I shall one day cross the sea,
And gain that heavenly land,
Where all Thy dispensations I shall understand?

Oh, Christ, can it be
That pain shall one day pass from me—

That all sorrow and unrest
Shall cease at last to stir my storm-tossed breast?

Oh, Christ, it will be!
These eyes of mine will one day see
Dawn of an eternal day,
Where pain, death and woe shall all have passed away.

Oh, Christ, the day draws near!
The shadows flee, I have no fear;
I shall live in peace with Thee!
In that blest home, Thou hast long prepared for me.

DR. BARTEN.

Rector Christ's Church, Norfolk, Va.

Yes, I will weep, but not that thou art come
To the . . . Sabbath of the silent tomb.

—SOUTHEY.

FAR from thy fatherland to die,
  On strangers' soil to fall asleep.
Yet loyal hearts and loving friends
  For thee their tears of sorrow weep.
Long and faithfully the flock
  Entrusted to thy watchful care,
Thou hast ministered unto,
  Their joys and griefs alike to share.
Rest, oh, thou soldier of the cross,
  Thy years of faith exchange for sight;
Behold thy Saviour face to face,
  Revealed in heaven's new light.
God's everlasting love and peace
  Crown every coming year for thee,
For thou hast found the soul's blest home
  Beyond the blue, beyond the sea.

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

Our Saviour knew the agony to be,
Oh, then in grief His human heart, as we,
Feared the suffering, the hour supreme,
When not a ray of light should round Him beam.
His passion, the coming gloom, this He knew.
Then He called the twelve unto Him, drew
His beloved together unto the
Upper chamber, He sought alone to be
With them in that hour, and He took the bread
And brake it, nor turned His sacred head,
But gave thanks, tho' the shadows looming up
As stormy seas roll high. He took the cup,
And beholding, blessed His symbols true,
The new testament of His blood. He knew
His disciples soon should scattered be—
For Him awaited dark Gethsemane.
The shepherd smitten, the sheep cast abroad,

Afraid to own or claim Him as their Lord!
These His belovèd, ready now to flee,
Yet "This do in remembrance of Me,"—
Were the words He gently said. We to-day
Unto this feast draw near, and humbly pray
That Thou wilt bless again this bread and
wine,
And from that far-off shore let softly shine
Thy love divine. We lift adoring eyes,
And bless Thee, our eternal sacrifice!

WHY COMEST THOU NOT?

Why comest thou not, my belovèd, to me?
Why dost thou linger, when my heart clings to thee?
Let me hear thy voice in its silvery tone,
For thou hast power to soothe the soul's deep moan.
Thy gentle hand and thy womanly art
Can calm the pain of the anguished heart.
The way has grown smoother to my tired feet,
And life and love have grown, oh, passing sweet!
Gethsemane tasted—no loved one near
To shed on me one agonized tear.
But transcendent light from the cross shone there,
And the way grew bright and my path was clear.

ALONE.

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
—SHAKESPEARE.

OH, friend, if thou shouldst pass my door,
And see the badge of mourning there,
What tender thoughts would fill thy heart,
For one unburdened now by care.

How quick thy feet wouldst enter in,
And thou wouldst soothe my children then.
And for this desolated home
Thy tears of pity fall. Oh friend!

How easy then to speak thy love,
Of virtues never known before;
How quick my praises then to speak,
When I shall heed thy voice no more.

Oh, save the mother's waning strength!
For those she strives to point to Heaven;
A word of love may ofttimes smoothe
The path of pain from morn to even.

Wait not with thy Balm of Gilead
Till "I and my sorrows are dust,"
But come to-day with thy quiet voice
And whisper words of hope and trust.

Keep not thy words of hope and cheer
Till aching hearts grow calm and still.
But seek to soothe the burdened one
If thou wouldst do thy Master's will.

Hearest thou not the Saviour say—
Exceeding sorrow in His tone—
"Couldst thou not watch one hour with Me?"
But He wept and prayed alone.

And so I walk a royal road,—
My Master walked it long before;
Each fear I know, each pang I feel,
Hath swept His soul in anguish o'er.

In realms of God's untroubled air
There my heart doth oft ascend.
How sweet, how deep will be my rest,
When holy pleasures never end.

Then look upon my quiet face,
My folded hands, my tranquil breast,

And fall upon thy knees in prayer,
That I have found God's blissful rest.

Despoil thy gardens not for me;
Wreathe not my brow with immortelles,
But from some friendly field a-near
Bring sweet myrtle and asphodels.

When Christ hath set His seal of peace
Upon this weary heart and brain,
His angels then will sing to me,
In Heaven's celestial strain.

No more for me the woes of earth,
But Heaven's delightful clime,
Where I shall see Him as He is,
And all my joys shall be divine.

COMPLETE.

To be in Him complete!
Oh Heavenly consolation.
That we shall one day meet
Such glorious approbation.

1897.

WHAT IS THY CROSS?

What is thy cross? Is it to lose thy child—
Thy well-beloved child, whose love was strong
For thee to lean upon? Reconciled
Canst thou not be? Art thou still borne along
Unable yet to calm thy heart's wild grief?
Findest thou no relief?

What is thy cross? Is it to stand apart,
Misunderstood, thy inner life unknown;
The high and holy thoughts within thy heart
Unheeded by those about thee? Alone
Art thou. Darest thou not to break the seal
Which will thy gift reveal?

What is thy cross? Is it to leave thy home
And kindred dear, and dwell in far-off lands,
Where thou dost ever miss their love? They come

Not now, in evening hours with tender
hands,
To lay their benedictions on thy brow,
And gently bless thee now.

Is it thy cross to sit with folded hands,
Thy feet grown tired in the world's great
strife,
Watching each day the slowly ebbing sands
Of time measure to thee thy weary life?
Take heart, oh friend; there's sunlight on the
sea!
It shineth now for thee!

Whatever thy cross may be, oh friend! God
Gave this cross to thee, clasp it to thy
breast,
Go thy way, kneel to the chastening rod,
And He will give to thee a tranquil rest.
Dark seas He turns to amethystine bright—
So will thy cross grow light.

HUNGRY.

On the street she begged from door to door,
In wan attenuation:
Humbly seeking from a pitying one,
For some alleviation.

I too am hungry, oh thou weary one!
I plead for living bread.
Not from each door, but, oh, in some dim room
I lift my hands and bow my head.

Not for things that perish with the using,
My fervent prayers ascend;
But for His righteousness I sue, His grace
To strengthen and defend.

I fear the things which seek to soil my soul
And drag her wings in the dust;
I smite my breast as he who stood afar;
Seeking one whom sinners trust.

GOD'S GIFT.

THE shades of night had gathered
Over the hills of Palestine,
When lo! the gloom was broken,
And a brilliant star was seen.

Was it a shining meteor,
That burned in the eastern sky,
And caused the watching shepherds
To gaze with eager eye?

Ah, no, 'twas a Heavenly sign,
To point where the young child lay.
The light of the world had dawned,
On that first Christmas day.

Oh, sweet young babe in Mary's arms!
With joy we celebrate Thy birth,
And look with glad and anxious hearts
For Thy return to earth.

"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
We gladly sing again to-day,

As the angels sang long ago,
When Christ in the manger lay.

Let pure and holy joy abound,
And ever gracious deeds be done
God's gift to us is Eternal Life!
Through Jesus Christ His son.

"IN THEE DO I PUT MY TRUST."

If I may but touch the hem of
His garment I will be healed.
If believing I draw near Him,
My pardon at once is sealed.

Though my sins may be as scarlet,
Many as the sands by the sea,
Whiter than snow He can make them,
And cast them away from me.

Of sinners, Lord, I am chief, and
Have wandered away from Thee.
But strengthen my faith as I go,
And unfold Thy mercy to me.

Increase my trust, increase my hope,
As I near the limitless sea;
Then onward and upward I go,
Oh, Christ, trusting alone in Thee.

'Tis sweet to feel Thy loving arm
Upholding my faltering feet;

'Tis sweet to feel Thy presence, Lord,
When I come to the mercy seat.

Live in me and with me, O Christ,
Till I find my home in the skies,
Prepare my soul for eternal
Life with Thee in sweet Paradise.

TWO BOYS.

Fair dawned the morning, and the early sun
Poured on the latticed cot a cheerful gleam;
And up the travelers rose, and on their way
Hastened, their dangerous way, through fertile tracts
Laid waste by war.

—SOUTHEY.

BRIGHT shone the morning sun that summer day.
And in the maple trees the song of birds
So sweet, but said to me, they are away.
And my poor heart, too full, too full for words,
Knew they were gone, two boys in Southern gray,
Though still the echo of their steps I heard.

Then the days and weeks seemed years to me.
With nothing to do but to hope and wait,
And think of the time I should surely see
Both my boys coming through the wicket gate—

I there to meet them, 'neath the myrtle tree.
Should they come at morn, or eventide late.

Then came the news, "In prison." Oh, my child!
So tenderly nurtured upon my breast,
He languishing there! the thought makes me wild!
No loved one near to share his distress,
While I, his mother, must be reconciled,
Unable to minister or to press

His dear head gently to my aching heart!
Then how swiftly swept the news, "He is gone."
In despair I said, "Oh, keep us apart
No longer, but let his poor body come
And rest with my children, 'twill heal the smart
In a way, tho' dead. Oh, bring my child home!"

My prayer was not granted, and I do
Not know the place where they laid him. I call
With outstretched arms and hourly sue,
Oh, bring back my boy to me! Then I fall

On my face in prayer. Love profound and
true
Lies untouched, tho' death falls as a pall.

One came back to be loved and caressed,
Then to die on my breast. It soothed me
To nurse him, and 'twas sweet to be pressed
To the heart of one boy, tho' agony
To know how short the time must be at best!
To my anguished heart no news brought he

Of his brother; we know not where his bright
Head rests, or who composed his slumber.
But we know this, for him shines Heaven's
light.
I watched my child and stood in wonder
If Christ would heal and give him in my sight
Restored to me. Oh, could I number

But one child to bless my life might not the
Breath of pines and his native Southern
air,
Blown fresh from the breast of the salt blue
sea,
And a mother's agonized prayer
Save him? But his sweet eyes turned on me,
His hand in mine—I think angels may wear

Above the rapturous look on his face—
A Heavenly smile, "My mother!" he said
(I watched the light fade of his boyish grace);
Mother is near, but I spoke to my dead!
Childless! alone am I! what can replace
My two sons? Dead! dead! rings on in my head.

REST.

And this is rest.
To lean on His breast,
After a day by pain oppressed,
So sweet to rest on my Master's breast.

In this hour calm,
No fear to alarm;
The struggle is past. Only deep rest
And joy serene on my Saviour's breast.

Night has come on,
But new light of morn
From silver seas sheds over my soul
A tranquil peace as His hand I hold

In loving embrace,
Beholding His face,
Beaming with love so tender and mild,
As in mercy He looks on His child.

When death draws near,
Thus, Saviour, appear;
On my closing eyes let sweet scene rise
Of my home, in Thy bright Paradise.

WILL SHE REMEMBER ME?

A gallant officer of the Confederate Army, on the last night of his last visit home, seemed painfully affected at leaving his young wife and two little girls. He walked the floor with the older one in his arms, and repeated in anguish of spirit, "Will she remember me? Oh, will she remember me?" He was killed three days before Lee's surrender, taken home to his family, and buried in Oakdale Cemetery, in his native city, Wilmington, N. C.

THE soldier walked with restless
  Step, pressing his child to his breast;
Ah, who may know his strange sad thoughts
  Of sorrow and distress?

"I could go to the front," he said,
  "Strong to face whatever may be,
If I only knew in after years,
  She would remember me!"

She nestled in his loving arms,
  Smiling in childish mirth and glee—
The soldier murmured yet again,
  "Will she remember me?"

. . . . . .

Three days before the peerless Lee
Yielded his sword and bade farewell
To the cause dear to Southern hearts,
The noble soldier fell!

The widow's woe, the orphan's cry,
Resounded through our fair Southland;
The flower of our country fell,
Slain by a brother's hand!

Though many a year has passed,
Upon the soldier's grave we see
Fresh flowers entwine the laurel wreath—
She does remember thee!

Sleep thou 'neath Oakdale's peaceful shade.
Calm as the breast of the sea,
In Southern hearts and Southern homes
We do remember thee.

SOLDIERS OF THE GRAY.

Reunion.

From the hills to shores of the sea,
From many distant homes away,
With slow and silent step they come,
The soldiers of the Gray.
The hope and joy of buoyant youth
Have sure and swiftly fled away;
But they are noble heroes still,—
The soldiers of the Gray.

They come to talk of years long gone,
When duty called them to obey;
How sad and sweet these memories
To soldiers of the Gray.
Could traitors e'er have fought so long,
With forces few and thin as they?
Ah, no, they felt their cause was right,—
The soldiers of the Gray.

Washington was a rebel, too!
(If these were rebels then, I say)
As much as any one of them,—
The soldiers of the Gray.
Show me a grander, nobler man,
Whose fame doth brighter grow and stay,
Than Lee, who deemed it right to lead
The soldiers of the Gray.

No costly tomb is reared for them,
With valiant deeds in long array;
But jasmine flowers and laurel wreaths
For soldiers of the Gray.
Where'er I see the simple stone
Marked with the letters "C. S. A.,"
I pray his soul hath found God's peace—
This soldier of the Gray.

Magnolias, breathe your sweet perfume,
And gently cast your shade each day
O'er fallen braves, who calmly sleep—
Our soldiers of the Gray.
God knows best, and He rules us all,
And there never shall dawn the day
When Southern hearts will cease to love
Her soldiers of the Gray.

A SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

The hickory logs are burning
And fitful shadows cast,
While I alone sit dreaming
Of my vanished past.

The night I was a fair young bride,
Orange buds in my hair,
Upon my breast there shone such pearls,—
Jewels a queen might wear!

My satin dress, in graceful folds
As snow wreaths soft and bright,
Half hidden 'neath my bridal veil,
Gleamed pure and white that night.

I stood with proud and regal mien,
My hero at my side.
My heart rose high in pride and joy,
I was a soldier's bride.

Ten days and duty's call grew clear,
And he must haste away;

I cheered and said, Be brave and strong,
For valor wins the day.

He led his army forth to war—
Then swift a deadly ball
Went crashing through his brave young heart—
How thick the teardrops fall!

They brought him in his martial cloak
Within these halls so wide,
Where just ten days ago he came
To claim a waiting bride.

They laid him in a churchyard near,
Where I might sometimes go
And bathe his grave with loving tears,
And weep a widow's woe.

Oh, deep and faithful is the wound!
And time seems loath to heal
The heavy grief upon my heart
When by his grave I kneel.

Joy for me died long ago,
Yet I have sought to brave
The scenes of life, but, oh, my heart
Lies in a soldier's grave.

And when adown the crimson west,
  Beyond the sun-crowned hill,
The soldier comes to claim his bride,
  He'll find me waiting still.

SWEET PEAS.

The quaint old house by the river,
With its shadowy elms so tall!
Where orioles used to build,
And the sweet peas over the wall.

The lisping of the waters blue,
As the tide doth rise and fall:
Where the starry jessamine twines,
And the sweet peas over the wall.

The spring at the foot of the hill,
With its crystal cooling for all;
The soft south wind with fragrant breath,
And the sweet peas over the wall.

The rare old garden rich with bloom,
And the whippoorwill's evening call.
How dear to me these scenes of youth,
And the sweet peas over the wall!

A WOMAN'S TRIAL.

He has come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war.

—SHAKESPEARE.

AND so my heart was rent in twain,
The day they rode away:
My husband wore the coat of Blue,
My child the Southern Gray!

I watched them in dumb despair,
I must pray for the blue?
Oh, no! my child, thy mother's heart
Will ever plead for you.

Then I thought, the rain doth fall, on
The unjust as the true;
So I must plead for both alike,
The Southern Gray, the Blue.

. . . . .

His father saw his bright head fall
Low on his manly breast,

And thus they brought him back to me—
God only knows the rest.

Sometimes I gently lift the veil
From treasures hid away,
And press close to my aching heart
This faded coat of Gray.

Till all the past seems but a dream,
And I can only see
My soldier boy a child again,
His head upon my knee.

So I touch this little coat, as
I did his sunny hair:
When I laid my hand on his head,
As he sat beside my chair.

I feel again his loving arms,
As the day he went away,
I hear him whisper soft and low,
"Dear mother, love the Gray."

No need, oh child of mine, to say
With thy last farewell breath,
Thy mother's heart doth follow thee
Beyond the gloom of death.

And I will fold him to my breast,
Oh, nearer draw the day!
To crown a mother's deathless love,
Child of the Southern Gray!

MY NURSE.

"I LOVE to gaze at her nut-brown hair,
And eyes of hazel hue,
But I love her most for her Christ-like life
And Christian virtues true.

God gives such lives to bless this world
And smoothe the weary way—
They change a wilderness of woe
To calm and perfect day.

Sweet as the alabaster box of
Ointment given to Him,
She freely gives her pure young life,
Nor glory seeks to win.

When He comes to make up His jewels
And bids the faithful rest,
I know He will give to her a
Crown of righteousness.

THE SILENT CITY.

We all have bowed in sorrow,
And how our hearts have bled,
When we come to lay some treasure
'Neath the silent city's shade.

The mother yields a loving child,
In agony and prayer,
Entering within this city,
To rest forever there.

The wife in her youthful beauty,
Leaves home and kindred dear,
To slumber in this city, though
Loved ones linger near.

And the little feet of children
Have wandered in this fold,
Lo, its gates are always open,
Receiving young and old.

Brightest hopes lie buried here
And mourners kneel to weep

Close by the side of their darlings,
In calm and dreamless sleep.

Though we miss their coming footsteps,
And deeply may we grieve,
And hover ever around them,
No word do we receive.

But Christ knows all the bitterness,
And all the pain we feel:
The loneliness and the longing,
When by these graves we kneel.

When he walked on earth with men,
Oh, grieving heart rejoice!
He said, all those within the graves
Should one day hear His voice!

Hear, O hear these Holy words, "Thy
Brother shall rise again."
This promise fell from lips divine,
To calm our heart's deep pain.

Then over this silent city,
Angels their watches keep;
For dear in the sight of the Lord,
Are these who softly sleep.

GONE BEFORE.

If I could but lift this silence,
That falls upon my heart;
Or just one moment stay, the
Unbidden tears that start.

Or still the never-ceaseless cry
That surges o'er my soul.—
My empty arms may ne'er again
My little boy enfold.

Come back, my little boy, come back,
Thy mother yearns for thee;
Thy little bed beside my own
In silence pleads for thee.

I feel thy little clinging arms
All through the long, sad day;
I hear again thy merry voice,
When little children play.

And so I cry a soul's deep cry,
Come back, my little boy,

Thy mother's life, thy mother's hope,
Thy mother's holy joy.

. . . . .

He never can return to me,
But I can go to him.
My soul grows calm in the blessed thought,
Though my eyes with tears are dim.

In the heavenly home beyond,
Over the crystal sea,
My little boy, an angel bright,
Will ever wait for me.

Could I but see the gladsome light
Upon his little face,
As he looks upon the beauties
That fill the holy place.

Could I behold the glories there,
Which round my child entwine,
I'd deem it wrong to wish him back,
Oh Saviour, Christ divine!

I'll watch the dawning of the day
When Christ shall bid me come
Away from tears and sorrows here,
To live in Heaven's bright home.

My heart, be still, and think of this,
And look to Him in trust—
To Him who knoweth our frame and
Remembereth we are dust.

LOOK UP.

A SMILING face at the window,
A bird-like call to me;
Oh, little one, close to my heart!
I yearn for thee.

'Twas a little loving presence,
A footstep in the hall;
But it shed in my life a joy,
I would recall.

An empty bed beside my own,
Silence everywhere!
Instead of music sweet I see
A vacant chair.

A little grave out in the cold,
Where lights and shadows fall.
My desolated heart and home,
And that is all.

Oh, no, sad one! That is not all,
Though thy heart be riven,
Remember who hath said, "Of such
Is the kingdom of Heaven."

THE LAST LETTER.

I DID not know the letter was
  The last I ever should write;
And I had so much to tell him,
  I wrote far into the night.
I had been to many places
  Loved in the golden days,
When he and I together there
  Knew naught of troubled ways.

I told him our beautiful walk
  Under the edge of the wood
Was neglected and overgrown,
  Where the pines and maples stood.
But the cowslips were just as sweet
  As they were so long ago,
And the lilacs lifted their plumes,
  As beautiful drifts of snow.

The air stole in at the casement,
  With syringeas' perfume sweet.
Just beyond lay the fallow lands,

And fields of rustling wheat.
When I stood beneath the myrtle,
And saw so much he loved,
I could almost hear his voice, and
My heart was deeply moved.

Skies had never seemed so blue,
Or the robin's note so sweet,
The very grass wore a softer
Sheen springing beneath my feet,
Then over the hills I climbed
And stood by the surging sea,
Far away from the restless crowd,
Alone, belovèd, with thee!

His soft brown eyes looked in mine
Oh, who so happy as we!
As on these sands we gathered
The wonders of the sea.
All this and more I gently wrote,
With sweet loving thoughts for him,
They were so holy and tender,
Sometimes my eyes grew dim.

Then swift on the wings of the wind
At the rising of the sun,

Swept over the wires this message:
"Died this morning at one!"
It smote my heart with an anguish
Unlanguaged in its pain:
And the fatal words keep ringing
Forever on in my brain.

They told me within his bosom,
They found a letter there,
Close to his faithful heart, from a
Sister beloved and dear.
So I will wait for the answer,
He will one day bring to me,
When over the hills eternal,
We walk again by the sea!

"LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS."

At early dawn the faithful watchers drew
Nearer unto the sufferer's couch, knew
They the hour now for sweet release had come—
For her shone glimpses of another home.

She had attained calm resignation,
Through long, weary months of abnegation.
A holy voice upon the stillness rose,
Assuring each in tones of deep repose,

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!"
When silence fell she was indeed with Him.

From Eastern skies shot through the chamber dim
Soft rays of light upon her closèd eyes
As then for her celestial glories rise.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

If when I lie upon my cold death bier
Thou then shouldst come and whisper unto me
In accents low and sweet I love to hear
My soul will make thee feel I know thee near.

HIS GIFT.

Sitting here by the ingle grate,
The fire burns low, the hour grows late.
Such a night in the long ago
The wind swept through the lattice low.
Oh, the night was dark!

A message came from far away
Bidding me come without delay,
My brother was ill, calling me;
Could I reach him in time to see
A tender light shine in his eyes?
Would he greet me in sweet surprise?
Oh, the night was dark!

Morning came, I knelt by his bed—
All alone with my peaceful dead!
In anguish I plead for one word.
My soul's deep cry was all I heard.
I do not know how long I wept;
None beside us the vigil kept.
Oh, the hour was dark!

At length a low voice at my side
Said: "My lady, ere he died,
From his finger he drew this ring
For you to wear. Oh, let it bring
Some comfort! He loved you dear,
His spirit now may linger near."
But my grief was wild!

"Now my lady, lift up your head,
For calm and quiet is the dead.
He suffered much, that is past.
You he loved unto the last.
Put on this ring and let it be
A bond of love 'twixt him and thee.
Stay thy grief, poor child."

I took the ring and put it on,
Then calmer thoughts began to dawn,
My grief stood still, I took his hand.
"Love me still in the better land,
Where thou art, where thou hast a home,
Ever my heart must fondly come
And linger with thee."

So I have worn this ring through years,
Oft baptized it with my tears.
But it has been a strength to me

Speaking of him I could not see.
Casting a light, its little stone
Reflects his love as years go on,
And he still seems near.

HEAVEN.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Oh, soul of mine! these gracious words attend:
There is a land where blight doth not descend;
Pain or wasting ne'er hath entered there,
No faces sad attenuation wear.
No clouds float by to dim the clear bright vision,
No chill winds sweep across its fields elysian.
Sorrow and death can never dwell therein,
And oh, my heart, strange words to say, no sin!
No farewells break upon the air supernal,
And in that land all things are eternal.
No sun to scorch the traveler on his way,
Or cast its beams to fade in one short day.
The glory and honor of the nations
Shall come into it through strange negations.
God's everlasting glory lights the place.

Oh, words divine! "And they shall see His face."
Our beloved singing sweet evangels,
They are, too, our ministering angels.
My soul, in all thy restless journeyings here
Hast thou e'er found a land so wondrous fair?
Ah, no! 'tis only when we gain release,
And care and woe at length have full surcease
There Christ reigns supreme, and He hath given
Us a home within that land—'tis Heaven.

MILDRED AND CARL.

Two little graves in the shadow,
  Where the soft winds gently blow;
Two little forms in the silence
  'Neath a Southern sunset's glow.

Two glad little angels singing,
  Evangels low and sweet:
Two radiant angels watching,
  The coming of thy feet.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory."

THE long sad months of pain have passed,
and rest hath come;
The Saviour calls thy child unto that blessed
home,
The home prepared, where happiness is deep
and sweet,
And all the years eternally with holy joys com-
plete.
To-day she lifts her glad and radiant eyes
Upon the fadeless beauty of God's own Para-
dise.
Her tireless feet doth lightly press the heavenly
field;
And every passing hour, new glories are re-
vealed.
Oh, mother, call her not again, tho' grief is
deep and strong!

But listen in the twilight hour, to catch her angel song.
Thou couldst not shield her from the woes of earthly strife,
Oh, trust her to the Saviour's care in that new life!
At best our paths are filled with thorns, they press our feet,
And all our joys are mixed the bitter with the sweet.
Behold her glorified, crowned in immortal light,
In the fair city of God, where there shall be no night.
And she hath rivers of peace, sorrows all over-past!
Oh Christ, but let us enter those pearl-set gates at last!

"I AM THE WAY."

I AM bewildered in the maze,
With anxious fears, and hurrying days;
Is there no quiet path, no arm to stay?
The voice of Jesus calls, "I am the way!"

The bonds I deemed most true and strong
Are sundered as the years go on.
Return, return, oh, sacred ties of youth!
The voice of Jesus calls, "I am the Truth!"

Now as through a glass we darkly see,
Then, oh, face to face, beholding Thee!
Far, far away, we leave our earthly strife—
The voice of Jesus calls, "I am the Life!"

A MOTHER'S SORROW.

"Let not your hearts be troubled,
Ye believe in God."
Believe in me, His Son hath said;
There rest upon His word.
Thy child hath pleasures greater far
Than earth can ever give.
His joy to-day we cannot know,
We cannot see and live.

In our blind way we feel keen pain
To give him back to God,
And walk alone Gethsemane,
And feel the chastening rod.
Knowing so well his calm, pure life,
We fain would keep him here,
To lean upon his faithful love
And feel his presence near.

The interval that lies between,
May not be very far;
We sometimes almost catch sweet songs

Through pearly gates ajar.
For him eternal dawn in peace,
And glories fadeless shine;
For us the shadow and the pain
About our path to twine.

Into the house not made with hands
Death's curse can never come;
No wail or anguish there is heard,
No farewells in that home.
No mother mourns her early dead,
Or fears the blight of sin;
The withering touch of care and pain
Can never enter in.

Then, grieving heart, look up in hope,
And feel thy lot most blest
To know thy child hath found that home—
The soul's eternal rest.

DESOLATE.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast.
—Mrs. Browning.

Three boys dead, and I sit and moan,
In anguish deep, hard to be borne.
Oh, this unlanguaged despair!
This bitter, agonizing woe.
As only a mother can know,
When she looks at the empty chair.

I watched for the time to come,
To welcome my three brave boys home;
My heart was so light all the day,
To think how closely I might press
Them, in a warm loving embrace,
For long, long had they been away.

Then they came, but not my bright boys,
The crowning hope of all my joys,
But, oh, for me Gethsemane!
I had yearned so oft to see,

My boys return again to me:
And now I can but look to Thee!

The battlefield, and prison fare,
Had left its heavy trace of care;
A mother's heart is quick to know,
I saw disease had set its fangs,
And over each brow it subtly hangs—
Love refused to own it so!

But e'er a year had flitted by,
Only three graves, three graves had I!
Oh, my bright, noble boys all gone.
Did a woman ever do more
For her country this wide world o'er
Than to give her three sons, three sons.

Saviour, bind thou my broken heart;
Calm this wild pain and bitter smart,
That I may transfigured be.
Draw near to me, pour oil and wine
On my poor heart, make grief sublime—
I lowly kneel and cry to thee.

MY LITTLE GIRL.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

I SIT to-day with empty arms,
And with saddened eyes I see
My little girl, so still and calm,
Can never more respond to me.

My one ewe lamb I treasured!
As sheltered on my breast,
I thought of coming years so bright
And felt my life supremely blest.

I thought now day by day I'd teach,
Her feet the blessed way to press,
And tell of Him who sought for us,
A shining robe of righteousness.

Didst Thou, oh Saviour, Christ divine,
Look down from heaven and pity me?

To know the things I deemed so fair
Concealèd thorns I could not see.

The sweetest rose we claim must fade;
The fairest flowers droop and die.
But nothing ever comes to harm—
Our sacred treasures in the sky.

She was too pure, too fair for earth,
So Christ hath called her home;
And some calm day when work is done,
The same sweet voice will bid me come.

And she shall be the silver cord,
To bind my heart to Heaven.
I'll trust my Saviour every day,
Tho' trials hard so oft are given.

And so I press one last long kiss,
Upon my darling's marble brow,
And lift my streaming eyes to Heaven
And plead for strength and comfort now.

Oh, Christ, Thy mother yielded Thee!
And felt the sting of human woe;
Thy sacred heart with anguish rent—
Yet words of comfort overflow.

And I will hear Thy gracious words
  Steal gently o'er my chastened heart;
I listen for Thy footfall now,
  I seek to know Thee as Thou art.

Oh, Sun of Righteousness, arise!
  With blessed healing in Thy wings,
And cast Thy holy light on me,
  As I dwell on heavenly things.

MY SONG.

"LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on."
Through the deepening shadows yet to come
"Lead thou me on."
I am so weary and the way is long,
I scarce can lift my voice in prayer or song.

I can but breathe the words my thoughts repeat,
"Lead thou me on."
Father, but let me feel its meaning sweet,
As I go on.
Is it Thy leading now to feel Thy peace,
Breathing over my soul a sweet release.

From fears that chill and fright my soul from Thee,
Lead on. Lead on.
The circle's wide, the gloom, shed Thou

Thy light
Upon my night.
Though I tremble while I sing, take my hand.
I trust Thee, though I cannot understand.

EXPERIENCE.

If thou wouldst climb above, 'twill be by thine
Own pain and not another's; the strength to
Meet thy soul's most trying need must find
Its source within thy breast; thou must pursue
Thy way by conscious power and light divine;
Else thy sphere by narrow limitation
Art bounded. Only an imitation
Thou wilt prove. The summit of thy soul's vast
Height thou canst not reach unless the lowliest
Task thou hast thou dost perform with patience. Cast
Thou thy anchor deep beyond the shore lines
Of thy mortal sight, lest thou shouldst fail. What
Most ennobles and uplifts is not
Material gain, but what is learned
From life's appointed tasks, and turned
In power to consecrate the present hour.

SORROW.

Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
—SHAKESPEARE.

WHY dost thou ask me, friend, to tell thee what
Is sorrow? Disciplined heart, canst thou not
Say? Oh, no; 'twere easier now to find
The trackless way, from whence the stinging wind
Above the tumult wild that smites the storm-
Swept ocean's breast, then sinks to perfect calm.
I know it is a silent guest to come
With stealthy step and linger in the home.
And sit beside thee at thy daily task,
And whisper to thy bruis'd and bleeding heart
The torturing thought thou fain wouldst cast
Into oblivion's depths. Where'er thou art
She overhangs thy way to keep the past
Before thy tearful eyes; and lest the smart

Shouldst heal, she lays her withering touch upon
The wound, to chill anew the soul with anguish.
Who may stay the coming of her feet on
Any path, or bribe her zeal to languish?
I cannot tell thee of this solemn guest—
I only know her touch hath pierced my breast.

BOOKS.

The sun streams in across my library chair,
From the conservatory; air aroma-
Laden floats softly in. My friends are here—
The wise, the good, the great; I sit and learn
Of them; the ministry of their lives bear
Testimony in the sweet songs they sing;
Their sympathy in melody doth ring
Needful lessons they have duly learned,
And they unfold to me their thoughts sublime,
And lend me counsels from their store divine;
Treasured riches of a broad, deep mind,
Where love in holy sanctitude hath burned
To be a light to those who climb toward
Some lofty height, seeking the infinite.
The good, the wise, the great, in one accord
Assembled here. The tribute of my
Love I give to these my faithful friends, my
Books.

DEVELOPMENT.

As from Adonis' blood sprang the crimson
rose,
Whose soft unfoldings hath revealed
Its gleaming heart of gold;
So when some cherished hope lies dead, glows
There its soul so long concealed,
In another form it lives,
And sweeter incense gives.

SYMPATHY.

If I of heaven a gift might ask
It would be that one human heart might be
In perfect harmony with mine own, see
With my soul's eyes, know my allotted task,
Enter into the fellowship of my
Sorrows. Respond when reaching out, above,
Beyond my higher, better self, not by
Honeyed words, but full sustaining love.
One heart attuned unto mine own to lend
The enduring sympathy of a friend.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

(Before a statue of Niobe.)

Proud Niobe, in thy frozen grief thou
Art an emblem of a mother's love; thy
Broken heart no healing found, though thy brow
With honors rare art crowned; the low cry
That rent thy heart in twain doth but disclose
How deep the love within thy bosom glows.
Well knew Latona how to aim her dart—
Strike first the child to break the mother's heart.
It took a mother thus to plan thy woe.
The arrow in the bosom of each child
Sped through thine own breast from thy mortal foe.
Silent in thy grief, no outpouring wild
Marks thy anguish. With thine eyes raised above
Stand thou proud monument of a mother's love.

CHATTERTON.

Oh, Chatterton, thou child of genius and
Misfortune, how hard thy lot. Thou wert so
Young to feel the venomed shaft and blow
Which strikes maturer years. Thy soul, so grand
In scope imparadised the youthful hour,
While scarce beyond a mother's guiding hand
Or childhood's joys; thou then didst understand
Themes of seers. Thy soul's unresting power
As the wild resurgent sea swept on
Its swelling tide within a childish breast.
A vintage rich thou hadst to feed upon
Of which the world dreamed not; too oft its quest
Ignores the lofty soul and gives a crown
Of thorn to him who soothes its sorrow best.

MILTON.

Thou who didst sit in darkness and in gloom,
Yet seeing more than we with vision blest,
Gave still thy thoughts exalted to illume
Adoring hearts with truth, which is a guest
As pure as breath of vestal violet.
While at this feast thou didst prepare I sit,
Thou hast the food of angels. While in their
Company thou art a radiant light,
The luster from thy pages shineth clear
As glory from the wings of seraphs bright.

SHAKESPEARE.

(After seeing Julius Cæsar.)

I WONDER if, when thou thy thoughts didst
weave
In forms immortal, thou then didst guess the
Monument of fame enduring, we
Look upon to-day. Thy name dost live
And is a household word in many lands
Beyond thy English home; thy place yet stands
Secure. Imperial Cæsar's name
Is interwoven with thy lasting fame.
Thy master hand, oh poet! well doth trace
The passions of the soul which mar or grace.

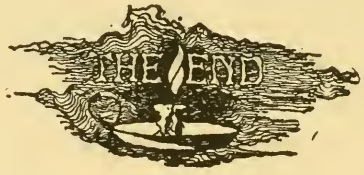
KEATS.

The sweet vervain on the sea-washed sands
Afar from summer gardens' primrose bloom,
Hath strayed to ocean's bounds, and stands
To yield its incense there; so I, too, come,
Oh, Keats! to think of thee and yield my
Willing tribute to thy genius, and thy
"Name in water writ." The mighty onslaught
Of the thundering sea upon the sands
Breathes still of thee, as fame extends her hands
And sings thy tender songs with beauty fraught.
Oh, young Endymion, thou long hast slept!
But ere thy bright eyes closed thou then didst touch
The silver lute strings, which have softly kept
Sweet strains astir for those who love thee much.

LIFE.

We look across the waste of fleeting years,
And call in vain for joys they held for us;
Silence echoes back our fervent prayers
They have drifted on, far beyond recall.

We do not know, or see, or understand;
And thus we fill the measure of our days,
And when at length we see and comprehend
And would our steps retrace, our lives are done.



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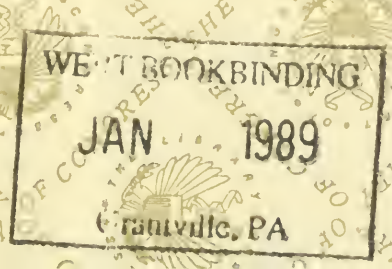
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